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*A Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical, and Historical, of the various Countries, Places, and Principal Natural Objects in the World.* By J. R. McCulloch. New Edition, Carefully Revised, with the Statistical Information brought up to the Latest Returns, by Frederick Martin, Author of "The Statesman's Year-Book." 4 vols. 8vo. With Maps. £4 4s. (Longmans).

THESE three splendid volumes complete a great work. True, there is little that can be called original in them, but the task of selection, of condensation, and of revision demands much higher qualities than those required for the expression of the crude ideas of many an ambitious penman. The name of "McCulloch" is a household one in all English libraries. To reproduce, to hand down improved and brought up to the present state of knowledge his "Geographical Dictionary" is in some sense a national undertaking, and one which will always be demanded of every generation. To be chosen as the editor of such an aggregation of mechanical, commercial, and even artistic elements is in itself a high honour, for he requires almost a special education, or, at least, no insignificant training. Mr. Frederick Martin has served his apprenticeship to business of this peculiar kind, and whoever taught him the trade ought to be proud of his handiwork. In all the longer articles such as those on "England and Wales," the "United States," "Spain," the "Caspian Sea," or "Rome," we trace the grasp of one who is above and master of his business. The "Historical Sketch" of our country is a model of good taste and discretion. The salient facts are given as they have been commonly received, but disputed points are indicated, so that there is no attempt to use the undoubted authority such a book as this must possess to stifle historical doubts, or dogmatise upon events which in these critical times are regarded from almost every possible point of view. How modest, yet how suggestive, for example, is the short paragraph upon "Stonehenge?" How true it is that the "Norman Conquest is the great era to which reference is ordinarily made as the beginning of a new order of things." Yet that it was really so is neither affirmed nor denied. If we are to look anywhere for the personal opinions of Mr. Martin, we must examine what we should call his anthropology, though he does not allow the word to slip into his racial descriptions. His account of the European race will show clearly what we mean:—

The European race is distinguished from the African, Mongolian, Semitic, Tartar, Indo-Chinese, Chinese, Malayan, and American, by traits so obvious and distinct as not to be mistaken. The skin is white, and the colouring matter of the *rete muscosum* so small in amount, that in the cheeks, and some other parts of the body where the skin is thinnest, it can be seen through, and hence blushing, or, rather, visible blushing is peculiar to the European. The hair varies in colour in different individuals, and, for the most part, is of a soft texture and undulating; the eyes also vary in colour from a light blue, or light grey, up to a dark blue or dark brown. These three characters of the skin, the hair and eyes, are peculiar to the European, and never to be found in any other race of mankind. Variety, at least in complexion, if not in features also, is the peculiar physical characteristic of the European race, as distinguished from the other inhabitants of the globe considered by classes. The intellectual powers, as they have been developed in this race in all periods of their history from their first emanation from the woods down to the highest point of the civilisation of Greece and Rome, or of modern Europe, exhibit a singular superiority over the other races. They display a higher degree of energy, intrepidity, enterprise, and invention, than any other. They are the only race that has as yet exhibited, in the highest degree, the peculiar prerogative of mankind, that of always continuing to accumulate

knowledge, and who, notwithstanding many oscillations in their history, still continue to advance. Other races have continued stationary, or retrograded; but as previously stated, it is a distinctive trait of the European race to have constantly moved onwards, and gained in civilization in periods when it appeared to be retrograding; for even in the dark ages, when the fine arts, and science, and polite literature were nearly lost, the foundations were being laid of a far better constitution of society and of government. The very mixture of races, conducted to intellectual advancement, and, most probably contributed, as it is known to do with the lower animals, to physical improvement. It is in vain, therefore, that naturalists class the Semitic, Tartar, and Hindoo races along with Europeans, merely because the form of their skulls, and the shape of their faces, do not materially differ. There are other, and quite as important characteristics, that show them to be essentially different.

He loses no opportunity of making a sly cut at Blumenbach:—

The people, from whom Blumenbach took it into his head to suppose that the Europeans are mostly all descended, have not even an alphabet, and consequently neither book nor manuscript in their own language. The few who read, and they are very few, use the Tartar or Arabic tongues, both of which, the former especially, are very generally understood. The Circassian language is itself totally different from any other at present known, and what is singular, considering the total absence of letters, there is a secret dialect, apparently an old barbarous gibberish, peculiar to the princes and usden, and used by them chiefly on their predatory excursions.

The word *Tcherkessia* is Tartar, and literally means *cut the road*; that is, highwayman or robber, one who makes communication unsafe. The general name for these people, in the Caucasus, is *Kasack*, whence it has been inferred that they are of the same race with the Cossacks of the Don and the Wolga; but etymology has indeed run mad upon this point; for this term, like the former, has a general, not a national, signification, and means a man who leads a wandering and martial life. The Circassians themselves recognise neither term; they style themselves *Adigé*, which has been derived by some authorities from the Tarco-Tartar *adah* (island), whence it has been inferred that these people came originally from the Crimea. This may be the case, but it acquires no strength from the etymological proof, since the Circassians have no word for island (how should they, being necessarily ignorant of the thing?) and their language, as before observed, has no connection with either Turkish or Tartar. From a resemblance in sound between the Tartar name (*Tchetkess*) they have been pretty generally supposed to be identical with the Zyges (*Zuyoi*) of Strabo (ii. 129, xi. 492). (Stephen of Byzantium, art. *Zuyoi*, and Procopius, De Bell. Got., iv. 4.) This, again, is not improbable, but the premises are far too weak and uncertain to found a conclusion upon. The Kabardines have a tradition that they are Arab (Pallas, i. 392); but in the W. mountains they say that before their ancestors arrived here, the land was inhabited by men so small, that they rode hares instead of horses (Spencer's Circass., ii.); and, as to the time when this settlement took place, they are profoundly ignorant.

We do not expect to find much that is new in a book of this kind; but Mr. Martin takes every opportunity he can of correcting vulgar errors. Thus:—

It is a popular but erroneous notion, that the Hindoos live almost entirely on a vegetable diet; such a fact would be inconsistent with the physical nature of man, who, in reality, is omnivorous. The most fastidious of the Hindoos in point of diet, are great eaters of milk and butter; fish is also extensively used near all the sea-coasts, and on the shores of the principal rivers; and none of the people of India hold this description of food as abominable, except the inhabitants of the remote interior, who have no means of procuring it. Even flesh, however capricious in the selection, is occasionally eaten by the greater portion of the Hindoo people, and it is the want of means, rather than religious scruples, that makes them refrain from it. In cases of urgent necessity, even religion authorises any kind of food, and in the event of a famine, a Brahmin may eat the limb of a dog.

And about Oriental despotism:—

It was for a while a common opinion in Western Europe that Turkey was a country in which

there was no security of property; and if this meant that it was exposed to illegal exaction of all kinds, partly by the feudal lords, and partly and principally by the pachas and their subordinate authorities, nothing could be more correct. But nothing on the other hand, could be more incorrect than to allege, as many have done, that in Turkey private property is not recognised by law, or that it may be seized at the pleasure of the Sultan. This, no doubt, has been the case with the property of persons in the public service, whose lives and fortunes have been made to answer for their real or imputed misconduct; and, in some degree, also, with the feudal estates, or those held by a military licence. But all other sorts of property have been respected in Turkey. And even a Pacha, or other public functionary, who had acquired property by the most objectionable means, might, if he pleased, easily place it beyond the grasp of the Grand Seigneur. To accomplish this, he had merely to settle it on his family and direct heirs, leaving the reversionary interest in it to some mosque, which, on receiving a nominal quit-rent, took charge of the property, which could no longer be either forfeited or affected by the crimes or misconduct of the original founder of the family or his heirs. Property so left is denominated *vacouf* or *vahf*.

A dry humour is sometimes visible, as:—

On the summit of the mountain [Sinai] is a dilapidated church, which tradition represents as founded on the spot where, amid thunder and lightning, Moses received the Decalogue from the hands of the Almighty. Truth, however, is seldom unaccompanied by error; and but a few yards distant from the church are the ruins of a mosque.

Turning over the leaves and gathering information at every moment, we stumble upon "Santorini," and see at once how very ancient the antiquities which its volcanoes have just brought to the surface may possibly be. For Herodotus says the island was inhabited 1350 years B.C., when it was called *Kallisth* or "Most Beautiful," an epithet it does not deserve now. But modern and ancient ideas of the beauties of Nature differ considerably.

The accounts of the various German sovereignties which have just been absorbed in Prussia will long have a peculiar value. Probably all these sheets had not been sent to press when the events of 1866 occurred; but Mr. Martin has done well not to allude to them. He would have spoilt the unity of his survey of Germany, and, as it is, this will be the last great English Gazetteer which will contain the statistics of Hanover, Hesse, &c. So, also, we shall know where to look for the last description of the town of Frankfurt as "free." Curiously enough, we are reminded that as long ago as 1815, "but for the opposition of Austria, it is probable that Saxony would then have ceased to exist as a separate State."

Who would suppose such a state of things possible in the third city of Europe as this paragraph discloses?—

The Neapolitans appear to entertain the most perfect indifference as to the manner in which their mortal remains are disposed of. The great burying-place of the city lies alongside the splendid road leading to the *Campo Marzio*. It consists of 365 deep cells, dug into the pozzolana of which the hill is composed. One of these cells is opened in rotation every morning, and receives all the dead bodies of the day, brought in carts, and tumbled into it, like as much rubbish; this done, it is shut up again for a year, and is then opened to receive a fresh supply of carcasses. But, exclusive of this vast Golgotha, a considerable number of funerals take place in churches.

Our admiration for the editor's impartiality and judgment increases as we read on. Take the following judicious remarks about Troy:—

Perhaps it may be said, that, before endeavouring to point out the situation of Troy, it might have been as well to enquire whether that city ever existed, and whether any such war as that of Troy was ever carried on. But such enquiries would be wholly misplaced in a work of this kind; and though it had been otherwise, they would be wholly superfluous. It is the mere wantonness of scepticism to call in question the existence of Troy. Even if there were nothing more, the Iliad, which obviously describes real and not fictitious events, would be conclusive of the question; and when we add the concurrent testimony of the most

ancient and best Greek authors, including Hesiod, Herodotus, and Thucydides, and the traditions universally prevalent as to the event, we should be quite as much disposed to deny the existence of Nineveh, Babylon, or even Jerusalem, as of Troy.

Another feature which strikes us is the extreme suggestiveness of this "Dictionary." Does a young geologist wish to know where he may earn his spurs? He will soon find tasks more than enough for a life-time laid out for him. The geology of the Pyrenees is imperfectly known. That of Tunis has been little or not at all studied. Does a person curious in wines wish to know what chance there is of opening up fresh sources of supply? Wherever wine has ever been made, he will find that locality set down here. For ourselves, as we have said before, there are no books of which we tire so little as dictionaries in which longer and shorter articles are judiciously incorporated. Things new and things old are all to be found in this well-ordered treasury. The table of English kings, with the length of their reigns, would have taught Niebuhr an important lesson at a glance. An after-dinner perusal of the article on "Brazil" would have arrested the cargo of skates sent out there by that sagacious British merchant. Even Macaulay's Duke of Newcastle would scarcely have rushed off to the King with the intelligence that Annapolis was an island, had he found it so set down in the "McCulloch" of the day. It was stated by a contemporary a few weeks ago, that the absence of an international copyright between this country and America prevented the production of certain works of reference. The publishers of "McCulloch" do not appear to have waited for the patronage of the American public. They depend, and justly, on the intrinsic superiority of their work. They have no fear, when well supported by printer and editor, as they have been in this instance, of any competition. Let America turn out four such volumes, with as few errors, and as splendid a specimen of mechanical perfection as these. We are much mistaken if they could be produced at New York for one-half as much again. The capital and the sagacity which grapples, like Dominie Sampson, with whole libraries, and digests them into portable encyclopædias, needs, in reality, no copyright.

#### MAGYAR POETRY.

*Translations from Alexander Petöfi, the Magyar Poet.* By Sir John Bowring, LL.D., F.R.S. 8vo, pp. viii.—239. 5s. (Trübner & Co.)

ANYTHING relating to Magyar-land is sure to be welcome to English readers. The misfortunes of a high-spirited race ever strike a sympathetic chord in the English breast, and now that the Italian question is finally settled, the Magyars claim the first place in our sympathy. It is, however, only since the Hungarian revolution of 1848 that we can be said to have had much knowledge of the Magyars. The heroic struggle which they so long continued in defence of their ancient rights, and which would doubtless have been successful but for the interference of Russia, aroused an interest in them which has not since abated. Within the last few years we have obtained considerable information about Hungary and its inhabitants, and we were some years ago indebted to the translator of the poems before us for a work on the poetry of the Magyars, embracing a sketch of the language and literature of Hungary and Transylvania. A paper also on the Magyar language, by Dr. Charnock, appeared in a late number of the Journal of the Anthropological Society of London.

By the book before us we are introduced to one of the greatest of modern poets—Alexander Petöfi, the Burns of Hungary. Petöfi, whose real name was Petrovich Sándor, was born in 1823 of humble parentage. He was sent to several good public schools, where, however, his excitable nature and passionate love for poetry allowed him to make little progress in study, and he first joined a band

of travelling actors, and finally enlisted as a common soldier. Nearly two years were passed by young Sándor in Croatia in military service, and at the end of that period we find him at Papá, where "he was more distinguished by his poetical recitations among the young students than by any progress in his own studies." It was evident that he was born to be a poet, and yet his great passion was for the stage, and he made several attempts to establish himself as an actor, but without success. Fortunately, at this time, he met with a former schoolfellow, Pákh, a friend of Kossuth's, through whom he received an invitation to proceed to Pesth as contributor to a newspaper. He was then only twenty years of age, but he had not been long at Pesth before his pre-eminent genius asserted itself, and he quickly became recognised as the national poet. His first poem—"The Village Hammer"—was published in 1843 under the assumed name of "Paul Kis of Pénöge"; only a year later, his "Versek" was printed at the expense of the Literary Society.

When the political commotion which disturbed the continent in 1848 reached Hungary, Petöfi was one of the most active promoters of the national movement. He determined to combine the sword with the pen, and in 1849 became adjutant to Bem. His career was, however, soon cut short; for on the 31st of July in that year he fell at the disastrous defeat of Segesvár. His body was never recovered, and it is supposed to have been thrown into a large trench to which were consigned hundreds of the slain. Although dead, he yet lives to his countrymen; and, in fact, they say he is "not dead, but sleeping," and more than one false Petöfi has claimed to be the departed patriot.

Petöfi's literary life was extraordinarily productive, considering that it extended over a period of only six years. Besides various translations from the German, French, and English poets, and several prose works, he left ten volumes of poetry, containing 1,775 separate poems. The longest of Petöfi's poems are "János the Hero," and "Istok the Fool,"—the whole of the latter and portions of the former being given in the translation before us. There are passages of great power and beauty in "Istok," but "János" is the more imaginative, and is one of the most popular of Petöfi's poems. János, a peasant of the plains, is separated from his love, Iluska, and, after passing through many marvellous adventures, returns to his native village to learn that Iluska is dead. He plucks a rose from her grave, and carries it with him through many yet more serious encounters, until he at last reaches Fairyland, where his rose is transformed into Iluska, who rises from the water into which he had thrown it, and where János and Iluska ever after live as King and Queen of Fairyland.

The adventures related are perhaps too marvellous for serious poetry according to English taste, but the poem contains passages of great beauty and pathos. Witness the parting between János and Iluska, when the former speaks:—

Spring-tide of my spirit!—thee I quit for ever.  
Never will thou hear my voice again—O never.  
Yet once more I bless thee—yet once more I kiss thee,  
Then, O wretched doom, then evermore to miss thee.  
Scarcely could he speak, for weeping and for sobbing,  
And his throbbing bosom prest her bosom throbbing.  
Bent himself to earth, to hide the tear-floods stealing  
Down his white wet cheeks, his agony revealing.

The description of Fairyland is very beautiful. Here is a portion of it:—

Grief has there no tears—if tears are ever falling,  
They are only tears hope, happiness recalling;  
And when tears are dropped, in marvellous transformations,  
All the tears are turned to diamond constellations;  
And the fairy children, 'midst their songs and dances,  
Heavenly rainbows spin of the gay light that glances

From those radiant eyes, and wrap them in the fringes  
Of the evening clouds, like those which sunset tinges.

Of Petöfi's smaller pieces, "The Unjust Judge" and "The Maniac" are good specimens of his severer style, while "Master Paul" shows that he was quite capable of dealing with subjects of a humorous nature. Many of his shorter pieces are very beautiful. When he recited one of his lyrics to the famous Magyar poet, Vörösmarty, the latter exclaimed—"Hungary never had such lyrics; you must be cared for." What can be more beautiful than the following?—

And what is sorrow? 'Tis a boundless sea,  
And what is joy?  
A little pearl in that deep ocean's bed;  
I sought it—found it—held it o'er my head,  
And, to my soul's annoy,  
It fell into the ocean's depth again,  
And now I look and long for it in vain.

One of the most powerful poems is entitled "One Only Thought," and it presaged too truly the poet's own sad fate:—

..... to the glorious fight  
Heroes press forward, battling for the right:  
There will I die;  
There, drowned in mine own heart's-blood, lie,  
Poured out so willingly; th' expiring voice,  
Even in its own extinction, shall rejoice.

No other evidence of Petöfi's genius need be given than the fact that his poems have been everywhere translated. Alexander Humboldt expressed his delight that "after many wanderings he had discovered in his own neighbourhood, a flower so rich in beauty, so enduring, so certain to be valued"; while Beranger was pleased "that his name should be associated with a name so great as that of Petöfi." If anything more be required as a recommendation of Petöfi's poetry, it may be found in this, that "although he passed many years of his life as a wandering vagabond, no impurity ever soiled his songs; and in his more than three thousand poetical compositions—unrestrained and passionate as many of them are—there is not a scandal-giving line, not an expression which would cause a blush to the modesty of a woman, and which might not be entrusted to the innocence of a child."

As to the translator's share of the work before us, it is needless for us to do more than repeat the words he has used of others, and say—that it is well done. We wish, however, he had given us a more numerous selection from Petöfi's poetry; but we hope he will some day make us yet further acquainted with the beauties of the great Magyar poet.

#### LETTERS FROM HELL.

*Letters from Hell.* By M. Rowel. 2 Vols. 8vo, pp. vii.—665. 21s. (Bentley.)

THE idea of this book is very far from new; and if the title attracts some people it will shock a great many others. It is an attempt to describe a Hell without torture—that is, torture of an actual bodily character. It is, of course, full of inconsistencies, and explanations of the inexplicable. We will try and give some idea of the book, and leave it to our readers whether they care to look further for themselves, or not. Hell, then, is in the main very much like the world. "Well-peopled was the land of darkness. Wondrous phantom shapes of endless variety, shadows of persons, shadows of things. There was much to terrify, much to cause pain, and yet gradually I began even to feel myself at home in this accursed state of negative existence." Spirits enter Hell naked; but everything that they wish for they have immediately; so that every one keeps much the same station below he did above. "Every one feels an irresistible impulse to carry out the same sinful predilections he had in the world. And every one can obtain what he desires. He has only to conceive the idea, and lo! he is in possession of the reality. Thus passions and lusts are as prevalent here as ever they were in the world, only far more frightful." . . . "If any one wishes to build himself a palace and keep a

magnificent establishment, he can have the choice amongst unfaithful stewards, thievish butlers, and deceitful servants in abundance. It might be supposed that there would be found but few willing to undertake such subordinate positions; such, however, is not the case; habits brought down from the world above decide the matter." "You will not," says the writer, "be surprised to hear that I still reside as formerly at my tasteful villa on the banks of—, that I keep up a fine establishment, and live at a high rate." Curiosity has no existence below. People live amongst their contemporaries almost as much as when they were confined above within the bounds of space and time. Some remark of this kind occurs in the account of Laputa. The Strolbrugs either lose their memory or will not take the trouble to arrange in order that which they could tell. Our correspondent is privileged with some little remains of human feeling. He likes taking excursions and picking up stories. To tell each other how they got there has always been the occupation of the damned; the real difficulty is to get listeners. Constant news of the world above comes down, not only in the shape of fresh arrivals, which are incessant, but in shadows of periodicals, shadows of books, and of secret writings which are kept from the living public, and serve to feed the sneers and remorse of those who can tell no tales. These things only occasion a horrid laugh. A refreshing witticism we may well believe has no place below. On his travels the writer sees many distinguished characters; but his conception of them does not present them in any new light. Pilate is always washing his hands in blood; and Cain is always running away, as if the avenger of blood was behind him. He is more witty when he deals with classes. Take his description of "beggars:"—

These beggars, the most miserable I have ever seen (I scarcely expect you to believe me), are missionaries. I do not know whether you have heard of the business-like way in which the holy missionary spirit discharges its office in the world. It is nothing but a chase after heathens; a regular hunt after the little ones that have short legs, and who cannot defend themselves.

In their eyes learning is a matter of secondary importance; the road it marks out is too laborious. Baptism is everything; and the only question is, to find an opportunity of sprinkling water over as many heads as possible. So many heads, so many names are entered in the registers as converts to Christianity; and their number is then copied into the Missionary Journals, in order to fill the Christian world with amazement and acclamations of joyfulness.

These missionaries have to wander indefatigably about, beseeching people in the most importunate way to be baptized, begging as if life itself depended on it, in a manner that is quite heart-breaking. In truth, it is a thousand times a greater object with them now to get a baptism scratched out from a register, than ever it was to get one entered, &c. &c.

A great part of these volumes is filled up with the story of the writer's own life. Of course he encounters his victims, who have all met with the same fate; and he intersperses his information with very common-place exhortations on the advantage of a timely repentance. We do not, however, very well see how he, or the majority of persons, could have escaped. He is too comprehensive in his icondemnation. In old descriptions of Hades it used to be dimly intimated that the subjects of Satan were very numerous. Here it is not distinguished individuals, but the masses who attract notice. If these "Letters" were a performance of very high merit we might moralise to a great extent upon this change in the direction of the human imagination. As it is, no one will be surprised to find it so. But the effect is more depressing. To think that almost every one we meet, including ourselves, is on the sure road to perdition can do little good. Faith in Christ is held out as the only specific; and even a death-bed repentance seems a very potent drug. We doubt if any one could possibly be the better for M. Rowel's speculations; though we admit the merit of his stories. He writes, as far as we understand,

for a Danish public, to whom some of his allusions will be more intelligible than they are to us. Still he is Catholic enough for those who like his subject, and are curious to see how it can be treated in the nineteenth century, certainly without vulgarity, and, if not exactly with success, surely not without considerable merit.

#### BANIM'S NOVELS.

I. *The Croppy: a Tale of the Irish Rebellion of 1798.* II. *The Peep o' Day: or, John Doe, and Crohoore of the Billhook.* III. *The Mayor of Windgap, and Canvassing.* IV. *The Bit o' Writin'.* By the O'Hara Family. A New Edition, with Introduction and Notes by Michael Banim, Esq. Pp. 435, 412, 414, 406. (New York: D. and J. Sadlier & Co. 1865-6.)

THE Irish element in New York is beginning to show itself in other ways besides politics. If it does not produce any original literature, it creates a sufficient demand for what is old and good to induce American publishers to reprint standard Irish authors. The *Tales by the O'Hara Family* were the joint production of two brothers, Michael and John Banim, both of whom were born in Kilkenny—the elder in 1796, the younger in 1798. It is possible to judge of the respective merits of each, since works exist from the single hand of both brothers. Thus John's dramatic works—such as *Damon and Pythias*, *Scylla*, *The Smuggler*, and *The Death Fetch*—were his own unaided productions, although it is certainly true that Shiel has sometimes been credited with a share in the first-named play; and the fact that it was brought out at Covent Garden within a year from the time of Banim's first acquaintance with Shiel, and partly through the introduction of and under the auspices of the latter dramatist, gives color to the supposition. On the other hand, after his brother's early and lamented death, Michael Banim published *Clough Fionn; or, The Stone of Destiny*, which exhibits his peculiar talents unaided by those of his brother. So far as *The O'Hara Tales* are concerned, it is probable that the plots and general structure were devised by Michael, and that the dialogues and characters were the work of John. The share of credit awarded to each by the accumulated estimates of critics, may be inferred from the fact that Michael Banim is Michael Banim still—only this, and nothing more; but John Banim has been named the Scott of Ireland.

John Banim was very clever, very sensitive, very precocious, almost always very poor, and therefore, as usual and to be expected, very miserable. He died at the early age of forty-four, and yet lived long enough to see a public subscription raised for the support of himself and his family. It is said of him that he composed a fairy tale at the age of six, and Mr. Waller tells us that a romance, in two thick volumes, is still preserved, written by Banim in his tenth year. His earliest friend of any note seems to have been Moore, whom he met when he was thirteen as a member of the Kilkenny theatricals, so called. Moore treated him kindly, and encouraged him, but we are not aware that the acquaintance proved of any especial value to the young author in after life. Shiel was a good friend to him, and Gerald Griffin, notwithstanding some little misunderstanding when they first met, his fastest and best one. Banim was to have been an artist. He evinced decided taste for both drawing and painting, and was sent at fifteen to the renowned schools of the Royal Dublin Society, and obtained the highest prize for proficiency during his stay, which extended to two years. His career as an artist was, however, broken off by a love affair, which turned out very disastrously, and seems nearly to have broken his heart. A separation took place, which threw him into a violent illness and brought him to the verge of the grave. He recovered to lead a life which was one long struggle with poverty and disappointment, interspersed with some bright flashes of cheeriness and hope, such as those which came with the first success of *Damon and Pythias* and that of the present

series of novels. Some of the latter possess merit of a very high order. They exhibit a truthfulness and exactitude in the delineation of character and an uncommon dramatic power in the conduct of narrative, such as will long give them an honored place in our literature, if they do not raise them to the rank of works whose fame is deathless.

The first series of the *O'Hara Tales* appeared in 1825, and succeeded from the very outset. Of these it is said that John Banim wrote the whole of *The Fetches* and *John Doe*, with the exception of one scene which Michael wrote, but in fact the work of each was closely criticised and revised by the other. *The Boyne Water* appeared in 1826, and was the sole production of John. He went to Derry to collect materials, topographical and other, and it was at this time that he came to know Gerald Griffin. In the same year the second series was published, consisting of *The Nowlans* and *Peter of the Castle*: and although it would seem that the work must have been rather hastily done, the series was as successful as the first. The third series, which was the novel of *The Croppy*, published in three volumes, came out in 1827. This was written by Michael, merely passing through the hands of John for revision. The last work attempted by the brothers in concert was *Father Connell*, and it is said that this story was the cause of John Banim's death. His health was much enfeebled, and he devoted himself to his task with an ardour too feverish and unremitting. It was finished, but he died soon after, and now sleeps in the graveyard of the Roman Catholic chapel of St. John's, Kilkenny.

The biography of "John Banim," by Patrick Joseph Murray, is worthy of a place in the series. It seems scarcely known to American critics; yet it is made up of pieces of indisputable authenticity, nor can much be added to it without overdoing the subject. In these almost unprecedently dull times our readers will thank us for indicating a corner of literature which may have escaped them.

#### CHRISTIAN HISTORY.

*A Christian View of Christian History, from Apostolic to Mediæval Times.* By John Henry Blunt, M.A. 8vo, pp. 298. 7s. (Rivingtons.)

WHAT a pity it is our Church is so wanting in discipline. Men's gifts differ, and whilst Rome puts, or, at all events, endeavours to put the right man in the right place, our co-religionists, whether secular or clerical, wander about with every wish to do well, but without the slightest idea of what they are fit for, or how to set about it. We gather from his title-page that Mr. Blunt has already written one book, called "Household Theology." It is very possible it may have been a success, though we have never seen it. The subject, we are convinced, is much more adapted to his powers than so comprehensive an undertaking as a view of history. An ecclesiastical history is still a desideratum. Gibbon, it is acknowledged with pain by Christians, is still the best historian of their faith. Even Mr. Blunt cannot do otherwise than refer to him as the great example which he who would write on the Crusades must always have before him. This is very candid, because a method more unlike Gibbon's than Mr. Blunt's own cannot well be imagined. His whole theory of a "Christian view" is based upon arbitrary supposition. Thus:—

As far as we know, "above five hundred brethren at once" was the utmost number of those by whom Our Lord was seen after His Resurrection; and as the time for bearing "witness" to it had not yet arrived, there is little probability that any of these five hundred would have talked to others of an event which would have seemed impossible to any but those who had known it by the evidence of their senses.

But Mr. Blunt is very fond of contradicting himself. At page 29 he says:—

Probably before ever an Apostle had travelled beyond the boundaries of Palestine, a foundation had been laid for the building up of their work in every important country of the world.

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And page 39:—

When they ended their own personal work, there was hardly a region of the known earth which had not been made aware that a Saviour had come into the world.

But at page 159, speaking of the origin of Mahomedanism, about 500 years later:—

Christianity had never so far penetrated into the desert as to bring its tribes under subjection to the truth.

And page 45:—

We have no historical evidence of the extension of Apostolic labours to China, and little as to the primitive Christianity of India.

If we add America, we shall leave about two-thirds of mankind to whom the Apostles never preached.

The most characteristic specimen, however, of Mr. Blunt's mode of "viewing" history is to be found in his account of Early English Christianity:—

It would be a safe answer to the question, When did the Church of England come into existence? to say it began about the time St. Luke was writing the Acts of the Apostles. The exact year and manner of its foundation has not indeed been handed down to us. Is it likely it would be? But, by "putting this and that together," (and there is a great deal to the purpose, both of the "this" and the "that" in books written shortly after St. Paul's time), we are enabled to arrive at the almost certain conclusion that it owes its origin chiefly to St. Paul, and that he came over to England for the purpose of founding the Church here soon after the imprisonment which he suffered "for two whole years" at Rome, and which ended in A.D. 63, being the ninth year of the Emperor Nero.

Whether St. Paul found any knowledge of the Gospel already existing in England is a matter for doubt. There is some probability that he did, because a Roman lady who had been in England with her husband Anlus Plantius when he was viceroy to the Emperor Claudius was accused, after her return to Rome (which was in A.D. 47), of practising a religious worship unauthorized by the Roman laws; and as Christianity was probably the only religion so unauthorized, it seems likely that this lady, whose name was Pomponia Græcina, had become a Christian during her stay in England.

But a few lines lower down we find that "the father of Caractacus, who with the latter [St. Paul] had been imprisoned at Rome for some time, was liberated about this time [A.D. 61 or 63] and brought back to England the knowledge of Christianity which he had acquired there." All is evidently fish that comes to Mr. Blunt's net.

Nor is Mr. Blunt more fortunate when he comes to speak of other religions. It is simply foolish to call Paganism a "Kingdom of Satan in its hey-day of prosperity," or "a device which had proved successful in propagating iniquity for many ages." We thought the day was gone by when men of education, and Mr. Blunt is, we presume, one, seriously believed that a Personal Devil had founded with his own hands the various systems of religion which have prevailed from all known antiquity, and which still number, after nearly 2,000 years of Christianity, not less than two-thirds of mankind amongst their votaries. Equally absurd is he in his account of the persecutions which culminate with one of the most remarkable statements about the Catacombs we have ever perused:—

It has been computed by those who have almost lived in them, for the purpose of studying their history, and the antiquities which they contain, that there are 800 or 900 miles of galleries so excavated, and that they contain six or seven millions of sepulchral niches, each of which has been, or is still, the resting-place of a Christian body. Though it was well known that such cemeteries existed, it was very rarely that they were discovered by the heathen.

Think of six or seven millions of persons living and dying, during a period of three centuries, within two miles of Rome, without anyone being aware of their existence! Can the force of folly go further? And this is a "Christian View of Christian History"!

Here is another instance of unwarrantable assertion, not so essentially absurd in itself,

and therefore the more reprehensible, and deserving of exposure:—

It was he who destroyed the great library of Alexandria three years afterwards, declaring that no books were needed beside the Koran; and by that ignorant and savage act deprived the world of some of its greatest literary treasures, including probably many Christian writings, and many primitive MSS. of the Holy Scriptures.

Ignorant as Mr. Blunt is, we cannot believe but what he was aware that the words we have marked in italics express little better than a deliberate falsehood. To call Mahomet an "iniquitous impostor" is a piece of vulgarity which may please some so-called religious minds; nor is abusive language in the mouths of theologians, unfortunately, any novelty. But we hope that all religious journals of any standing will unite in condemning and repudiating a book which asserts so much in its title, and contains nothing that is new which is not false, and nothing that is old which has ever been narrated with worse taste, worse language, or with such offensive accessories.

## AFTER THE WAR.

*After the War: A Southern Tour. May 1, 1865, to May 1, 1866. By Whitelaw Reid. 8vo, pp. iv.—589. 10s. 6d. (Sampson Low and Co.)*

FEW of our readers are likely to recollect that almost immediately after the submission of Lee, and the capture of Jefferson Davis, a journey to the South was undertaken by the Chief-Justice of the United States, to report confidentially to President Johnson the exact condition of the conquered States. Notwithstanding the rank—in many respects the highest in the Republic—of the traveller, no great interest seems to have attached to his movements; and no continuous record of what he saw has as yet appeared either here or in America. Mr. Reid was permitted to make one of the party, and if Chief-Justice Chase reserved all his own observations for the President alone, it was not because he had little to say, judging from the six hundred closely-printed pages which Mr. Reid has managed to fill, and which contain many a picture of a state of things which happily could not be permanent, though most instructive as an example of what civil strife must produce. In some places it was soon seen that the rights of conquest would be carried out to the uttermost. Wilmington was one of the first places entered by the Government cutter. All the best houses were occupied by the Federal officers, who lived, whatever their pay might be, in a style regardless of expense. But they were by no means always content with the mere usufruct of what they found:—

The practice of regarding everything left in the country as legitimate prize to the first officer who discovers it, has led in some cases, to performances little creditable to the national uniform. What shall be thought of the officer who, finding a fine law library, straightway packed it up, and sent it to his office in the North? Or what shall be said of the taste of that other officer who, finding in an old country residence a series of family portraits, imagined that they would form very pretty parlour ornaments anywhere, and sent the entire set, embracing the ancestors of the haughty old South Carolinian for generations back, to look down from the walls of his Yankee residence?

Yet the rebel soldiers seem to have met the "Yankees" without many traces of annoyance. Thus in Savannah:—

The bearing of the rebel soldiers was unexceptionable. My companion was a staff officer, in undress uniform, and without arms. At times, for squares, there would be no sentry in sight; so that it was not the mere vulgar fear of immediate arrest that made them respectful. Occasionally I observed them look curiously and rather admiringly at the elegant texture and easy fit of the uniform, so unlike their own; often they straightened up to a thorough soldierly bearing, and even sometimes respectfully saluted as they passed. Indeed, nothing was more touching, in all that I saw in Savannah, than the almost painful effort of the rebels, from Generals down to privates, to conduct

themselves so as to evince respect for our soldiers, and to bring no severer punishment upon the city than it had already received.

Here is an amusing story of the way "Jeff." was welcomed as his captors bore him from the harbour of Savannah through the "Sea Islands":—

It seems that the Sea Island Negroes heard of General Gillmore's dispatch, which mentioned Mr. Davis' capture and coming, and so were prepared for his arrival. They lined the shore in vast numbers, and, as soon as his vessel had approached within what they supposed to be hearing distance, the affectionate creatures—otherwise known, while in slavery, as the happiest people on the face of the earth—of their own motion struck up the song—

"We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree,"

with such a thunderous volume of sound, that there was no possibility of Mr. Davis remaining ignorant of their amiable intention, toward the one whom they regarded as typifying the whole race of their kind and benevolent masters.

It is in these "Sea Islands" off Port Royal that a most interesting experiment is now being tried. The negroes located here were beyond all question the most ignorant and debased of the South Carolina slaves. They were mostly of the pure Congo type; there was no mixture of white blood. When Dupont in 1858 took possession of the locality, the house-servants who might have gained some intelligence were carried off into the interior. The most debased field-workers alone were left, to cultivate the islands under the supervision of General Saxton:—

The moral of what I have written is plain. If the "Negro-elevation" effort of the Abolitionists is to fail anywhere, it would be likely to fail here. If it succeed among these degraded people, it would be likely to succeed anywhere. The experiment has been tried, amid constant uncertainties and discouragements, for three years. The results, whatever they may be, are of the first importance.

Two very interesting chapters are devoted to an account of this American Liberia. Naturally enough, Mr. Reid was wonderfully taken with the picture of negro prosperity; though his suspicions are, like those of Gibbon, whispered from time to time in a note. The Negroes have done a great deal no doubt; but they were kept in strict order by the white man, and were paid for the articles they produced above twice their real value. Mr. Reid is however candid:—

These are undeniable evidences of progress in physical well-being. When it comes to mental culture, less can be said. Of the crowd at the St. Helena Church, not one in twenty of the adults can read, though they have had three years of partial and interrupted opportunities. But, on the other hand, not one in twenty of the boys and girls was unable to read. They do not seem so anxious themselves to get "white folks' larnin'" as at Charlestown and other points to the northward; but every parent is painfully desirous that his children should learn; and many of them are known to take private lessons at home from their children. The latter learn rapidly; they tell the same story everywhere here, just as it has been told down the whole coast from Fortress Monroe. Experienced teachers say they can see no difference in the facility with which these and ordinary white children at the North learn to read. But this is comparatively valueless as a test of negro intellectual capacity. Reading, writing, memorizing, whatever is imitative, or may be learned by rote, will be rapidly acquired; and no schools have yet advanced far enough to show what the average negro mind will do when it grapples with higher branches, that require original thought.

And again:—

Enthusiasts tell us that the negro mind is to-day as good as that of the white; but I doubt if ten or fifteen years' of education on these Sea Islands will prove it. They seem to me, in some cases, to have as much intellect as the whites; but it is in the rough, is torpid, needs to be vitalized and quickened, and brought under control. Things which require no strong or complex intellectual effort—how to read, how to manage their farms, or bargain for the sale of water-melons—they learn quickly and well. An average negro child will learn its letters, and read cleverly in the First Reader, in three months. The average of white children do little, if any, better. But the negroes who are to make rapid progress in the higher

branches, or who are to be proficient in skilled labour, have not yet been found abundantly on the Sea Islands.

The book before us can only be judged by extracts. Every page turns out a story or a description worth perusal. Take this example of the fortune of war. The party, be it observed, have now got as far as New Orleans:—

In the evening we were taken to a fair held by the Catholic negroes—mostly of the old Louisiana free-negro stock. By one of the curious revenges of these avenging times, the fair was held in the elegant residence of no less a person than ex-Senator and ex-Minister Pierre Soulé. He who so often demonstrated negro inferiority and the rightfulness of slavery was now an exile, seeking a precarious livelihood by the practice of the law in a foreign language, in the City of Mexico; while the inferior negroes were selling ice-cream from his tables and raffling fancy articles in his spacious parlors, for the benefit of the slave children's schools!

By and bye Mr. Pierre Soulé's piano, under quadron fingers, began a march, and manly voices—albeit not from Rebel throats—swelled the chorus. And so we left them: negroes raffling fans and picture frames and sets of jewelry in the Soulé parlors; negroes selling ice-cream in the Soulé dining-room; negroes at his piano; negroes in his library; negroes swarming amid his shrubbery; and yet as handsome, as elegantly dressed, and in many respect almost as brilliant a party as he himself ever gathered beneath his hospitable roof.

Land everywhere had fallen considerably in value. In the centre of Alabama, plantations were bought by Northern speculators at prices, ranging from seven to fourteen dollars, which previous to the war were valued at from fifty to a hundred dollars. Yet the contest had created wealth of another kind:—

The war had found these people ignorant of their mineral resources, without machinery, workmen, or materials. At its close they had developed a mineral wealth which ages could not exhaust, and had built up here, as I have said, a manufactory of guns, great and small, with which only three or four in the United States could be compared.

The political observations have already lost much of their force; though they must always possess an historical value. But the scenes on the plantations, and the endeavours of Rebel generals to utilize free negro labour are full of instruction and full of fun. No one who wishes to have a good collection of that literature which belongs to the war can afford to overlook Mr. Reid.

#### SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

*Sir Brook Fossbrooke.* By Charles Lever. 3 vols. 8vo, pp. 971. 24s. (Blackwoods.)

THE wrath of Achilles compelled him to resign—that of Sir William Lendrick constrained him to fight to the last. Such is the real key to this very clever novel. It is perhaps the most finished of Mr. Lever's as to plot. The nominal hero is one of his stock characters—a man of the world, who has been everywhere, seen and done everything, always losing everything, and always tumbling on his feet again in some extraordinary manner. We cannot take much interest in him. He resembles a civilized "Hawk-eye." If he was new, he would be very good; but we have seen his double too often before. However, he fills up space uncommonly well, and his adventures give opportunity for some capital descriptions, and little bits of worldly advice, which come from no one better than the author of "Harry Lorrequer." A party intrigue to get an octogenarian judge to resign would not seem a very promising basis for a novel, which was to appear by instalments in a popular magazine. Yet few could pass a scene with Baron Lendrick and not wish to know whether he was ultimately triumphant over courts, cabals, and an unscrupulous press. True, there is much to be said for his enemies. His incredible vanity tempted attack, but the sharpness of his tongue—and we not only read about his wit, but can enjoy it—soon put down the

assailants. The reality of his danger makes the contest perilous enough to interest, whilst the extreme inferiority of the dogs which would beard the sick lion enlist all sympathy on one side only. His generosity prevents his eating them up, and though we see their foot-prints as they come out, it is evident they have been sorely mauled. Varied attainments will always excite more varied, if not more powerful envy; and as the Chief Baron is always—in his old age, at least—acute enough to appear only on his own grounds, he could only be reached through the newspapers. Once, indeed, the Lord-Lieutenant tried to see what he could do himself. He fared as Agamemnon would have done in the tent of Achilles. The host asserted every privilege, and he told the story to his son, who he used to say had inherited his temper but not his abilities, in these words:—

He twice rose to go away, but on each occasion I had something to say that induced him to sit down again. It was the whole case of Ireland we reviewed—that is, I did. I deployed the six millions before him, and he took the salute. Yes, sir, education, religious animosities, land-tenure, drainage, emigration, secret societies, the rebel priest and the intolerant parson, even nationality and mendicant insolence, all marched past, and he took the salute! "And now, my lord," said I, "it is the man who tells you these things, who has the courage to tell, and the ability to display them, and it is this man for whose retirement your Excellency is so eager, that you have actually deigned to make him a visit, that he may carry away into the next world, perhaps, a pleasing memory of this; it is this man, I say, whom you propose to replace,—and by what, my lord, and by whom? Will a mere lawyer, will any amount of *nisi prius* craft or precedent, give you the qualities you need on that bench, or that you need, sadly need, at this council-board? Go back, my lord, and tell your colleagues of the Cabinet that Providence is more merciful than a Premier, and that the same overruling hand that has sustained me through this trial, will uphold me, I trust, for years, to serve my country, and save it for some time longer from your blundering legislation."

That a man of such conceit as this at last falls a prey to some one who knows how to fool him to the top of his bent is a matter of course. But there are many excuses for the blindness of Sir William. The villain of the tale is his own step-son. Separated from his wife, and at issue with his son, the old judge must fabricate for himself some kind of domestic Lares. His good dinners, and, what all who hear them for the first time admit them to be, his good stories, will provide him with listeners and flatterers for his evenings. But he wants a major-domo—a man who will make out his dinner-list, and see that his champagne is iced: who can receive Sir Brook Fossbrookes, and doctor his horses; in fact, a prime-minister, whose head nevertheless is in every sense always at his disposal. But Dudley Sewell, the man of forged acceptances, and questionable racing-bets, is not to be governed altogether by even an Irish Chief Baron, and a possible Peer. It is a rich treat to see how he not only carves the judicial meat, but rearranges the judicial wardrobe. Sir William is transformed into a "dandy of fifty who bows with a grace." This deception does not last long, but it is necessary in an artistic point of view. The old man deserves a fall; and even his best friends are glad to find he is not infallible. Meanwhile Sir Brook, who ought to have been his most trusted friend, is far away, making his fourth or fifth fortune, and, of course, spending it in day-dreams before he has got it. He comes back in triumph to find Sir William as great as ever, still demanding his peerage as the price of resignation, but sobered by the recollection that he has at last given some ground for the accusation of senility. At last he extorts the offer—but from the enemy. He outlives the Government which denies him justice, and is too magnanimous to lend himself to the intrigues of their successors. Perhaps the incapacity of his heir may have something to do with his refusal; and affection tempers pleasantly enough the last exhibition of intellectual conceit.

Mr. Lever is rather too fond of letting us know exactly what his characters like for

their meals. It is not that they are gluttons, but we don't go to books of this class for a dietary, though we might easily compile one from them. The dialogue is sparkling. The perpetual flavour of Irishisms is not overdone, and much as Mr. Lever has written, we doubt if he has ever told a less affected, or a more well-wrought tale. We don't like the book the less, because it appears without any grotesque illustrations. Like so many of the novels which are published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, it is got up beautifully, and will take a handsome place in any library long after the first gloss is worn off by the thorough perusal its merits will ensure.

#### BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*The Mormon Prophet and his Harem; or, an Authentic History of Brigham Young, his numerous Wives and Children.* By Mrs. C. V. Waite. Third Edition. 8vo, pp. v. —280. (Cambridge, U.S. London, Sampson Low & Co.)

IF it were not for their practice of polygamy, the Mormons, with all their superstitions, would have attracted little attention this side of the Atlantic. There is a kind of fascination in that practice, overturning as it does the position of one-half of mankind, which has always made the monogamic populations of the West anxious for all possible information about communities in which it exists. We have found out that Turks and Persians very seldom have more than one wife, that women have far more liberty in the East than is vulgarly supposed. Just as polygamy is becoming almost a mere tradition, it springs up amongst ourselves, as we may say, and that with a luxuriance the world has never witnessed before. Yet, stranger than all, polygamy is no part of the Mormon religion, nay, it is contrary to both books of the Mormon Bible. It was never announced during the life of Joseph Smith; and after his death was publicly repudiated and condemned by the "Book of Doctrine and Covenants." It originated with Brigham Young. The 29th of August, 1852, will always be a memorable date in the annals of religious eccentricities. It is seldom we can fix a "Revelation" so exactly. On that day, the foundation of polygamy was formally laid for the first time as an article of faith in a so-called Christian community. Captain Burton has epitomized, and summarized, and stigmatized the faith so well that nothing more can be said. At present we propose to give some of the sketches of his numerous wives, fresh from the hand of a lady:—

Mrs. Mary Ann Angell Young is the first living and legal wife of the Prophet. She is a native of New York, and is a fine-looking, intelligent woman. She is large, portly, and dignified. Her hair is well sprinkled with the frosts of age; her clear, hazel eyes and melancholy countenance indicate a soul where sorrow reigns supreme. She has been very much attached to her husband, and his infidelity has made deep inroads upon her mind. Her deep-seated melancholy often produces flights of insanity, which increase with her declining years.

Lucy Decker Seely is the first wife in "plurality,"—or the second "woman."

Lucy Decker was married to Isaac Seely, and had two children. She afterwards became a Mormon, and went to Nauvoo to reside. Her husband, Seely, was somewhat dissipated, but treated her well. She, however, saw Brother Brigham, and loved him. He visited her, told her that Seely could never give her an "exaltation" in the eternal world; that he, being "high in the priesthood," could make her a queen, in the first resurrection.

She yielded to these inducements and the promptings of her inclination, left her husband, and was "sealed" to Brigham Young.

Lucy Decker has brown hair, dark eyes, small features, a fair skin, and of short stature; but quite *embonpoint*. She would strongly remind you of a New-England housewife, "fat, fair and forty." In common with nearly all the inmates of the Harem, she is of very ordinary intellect, and limited education.

Clara Decker, sister of Lucy Decker, is a short thick-set person, very much like Lucy in appear-

ance. She is much more intelligent and agreeable than her sister, and in every way her superior.

She is also quite a favourite with the Prophet; has three or four children, and is much attached to her "husband."

Harriet Cook was early in plurality; having been sealed to Brigham, at "Winter Quarters," on the Missouri River, while the Mormons were on their Way to Utah. This was five years before polygamy was publicly proclaimed in Utah as a divine institution. Harriet is very tall, has light hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion, and sharp nose. She is rather slender, but has much power of endurance, and a look of determination.

The others are too numerous for our limits. The final paragraph of this chapter is headed "The Prophet in Love for the Thirtieth Time." Brigham Young is now in his sixty-fourth or sixty-fifth year. It seems probable that he will retain his power as long as he lives. He has adopted, as well as "legitimate" sons. But we hear of no means for the transmission of his authority in any particular channel. Perhaps the work now in the press, the title of which is "New America," may throw some new light on the probable future of Mormonism.

BLAKE'S POEMS.

*Songs of Innocence and Experience, with other Poems.* By W. Blake. 8vo, pp. xii.—108. (Basil Montagu Pickering.)

HERE are the poems of William Blake, printed for the first time in their integrity. The editor and publisher appear to be one and the same, and we quite agree with the view he takes in his preface of the "amendments" previous editors thought fit to introduce:—

Dr. Wilkinson, the editor of Swedenborg, who published an edition of the Songs of Innocence and Experience in 1839, and Mr. Dante G. Rossetti, who superintended their republication in Gilchrist's Life of Blake in 1863, both thought fit, the latter more especially, to alter the poems considerably, so that they rather appear as these gentlemen considered they should have been written, than as they actually were written. Such amendments have seemed to the present writer altogether contrary to the true principles of editing. The present volume is a verbatim reprint of the original edition as regards the Songs of Innocence and Experience, and the Miscellaneous Poems at the end of the collection are printed from Blake's own manuscript, now in the possession of the publisher. The editor has taken no further liberty with the original than to modernize the spelling and punctuation, of which Blake was very careless.

In criticising these poems it must be remembered that Blake preceded Wordsworth by nearly ten years, the Songs of Innocence appearing in 1789, and the Songs of Experience in 1794. It has been announced that a criticism by the pen of Mr. Swinburne is in preparation, so we shall content ourselves with giving some of the poems themselves, which will probably be new to most of our readers. Nothing better occurs than the introduction:—

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me:—  
"Pipe a song about a lamb!"  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
"Piper, pipe that song again!"  
So I piped; he wept to hear.  
"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"  
So I sung the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.  
"Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book that all may read—"  
So he vanished from my sight;  
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,  
And I made a rural pen,  
And I stain'd the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

Nor can we omit "the Tiger":—

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?  
In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry!

It was a different age from ours which suggested "A Little Boy Lost":—

Nought loves another as itself,  
Nor venerates another so,  
Nor is it possible to thought  
A greater than itself to know:

And, father, how can I love you  
Or any of my brothers more?  
I love you like the little bird  
That picks up crumbs around the door.

The Priest sat by and heard the child  
In trembling zeal he seized his hair:  
He led him by his little coat,  
And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high:  
"Lo! what a fiend is here!" said he:  
"One who sets reason up for judge  
Of our most holy mystery."

The weeping child could not be heard,  
The weeping parents wept in vain;  
They stripp'd him to his little shirt  
And bound him in an iron chain;

And burn'd him in a holy place  
Where many had been burn'd before:  
The weeping parents wept in vain.  
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

This "London Poem" is worth volumes of Mr. Robert Buchanan:—

I wander through each charter'd street  
Near where the charter'd Thames doth flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,  
In every infan't's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

How the chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every blackning church appals;  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear  
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

The final piece in the volume, were it not for the date, might be supposed to have been addressed to Victoria:—

DEDICATION OF THE POEM OF THE GRAVE TO THE QUEEN. (1808.)

The door of Death is made of gold  
That mortal eyes cannot behold;  
But when the mortal eyes are closed,  
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,  
The soul awakes and, wondering, sees  
In her mild hand the golden keys;  
The grave is heaven's golden gate  
And rich and poor around it wait.  
Oh! shepherdess of England's fold,  
Behold this gate of pearl and gold!

To dedicate to England's Queen  
The visions that my soul has seen,  
And by her kind permission bring  
What I have borne on silken wing  
From the vast regions of the grave,  
Before her throne my wings I wave;  
Bowing before my sovereign's feet.  
The grave produced those blossoms sweet,  
In mild repose from earthly strife—  
The blossom of eternal life!

*Memorials of the Early Lives and Doings of Great Lawyers.* By C. L. Brightwell. 8vo. (Nelson and Sons.)—There is little or nothing in this book which has not been more than once before in print. But the same may be said of a much more pretentious and expensive volume just issued by Mr. Jeaffreson on the same subject. It is throughout eulogistic of the characters selected,

and therefore of no critical value. But as a school-prize, for which it is intended, perhaps no exception can be taken to this,—It paints models for youth, and not portraits. With this explanation, we may say that schoolmasters, or parents, cannot do better than buy these "Memorials" for any child hereafter destined for the legal profession.

*No Easy Task.* By Mark Francis. 2 vols. 8vo. (Skeet).—There is a strange mixture of improbability and truth in this tale, and the one pretty nearly balances the other. There is a mystery, of course, which is duly cleared up, and somehow every one gets what he wished for. A gentleman is engaged to marry a lady, and, whilst confined to the house from illness, he learns that she whom he was shortly to marry has jilted him. Years afterwards, whilst travelling in France, he meets once more the woman who has wronged him, but how changed—once famous for her beauty, and now an inmate of a pauper lunatic asylum. Consulting with his wife, he removes her to his own house, and, at his death, strictly enjoins his son to take the same charge of the poor woman as he had. This unfortunate creature had a daughter, who lives a short distance from the house where her mother, whom she, as well as the world, believes dead, resided. This daughter, Augusta Binningfield, has taken a violent dislike to the protector of her mother, and a great part of the tale is taken up with her plots and schemes. Things, however, come right in the end, and, taken as a whole, the book is not a little amusing. Tom Gurdon's endeavours to pass his examination, and his stupid admiration of Augusta, and his immense delight at being chosen a judge of the pig department at a cattle show, must be read to be laughed at.

SCIENCE.

A NEW SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL.

THE *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*, published under the auspices of Messrs. Macmillan, numbers great names amongst its editors and contributors. A periodical which is conducted by Mr. Clark, of Cambridge, aided by Professors Humphry, Newton, and Wright, and Dr. Turner, ought naturally to occupy a high place in our scientific literature. We confess we looked for the appearance of this journal with some feeling of expectant interest. For, in spite of the circular bearing the names of the above eminent writers and deservedly-respected anatomists, which found its way on the tables at the Reception Room at Nottingham, rumours, always difficult to trace to their source, have been current, that the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology* was, in some sort, a descendant of the *Natural History Review*. And as that periodical, now happily deceased, whilst it lived, was, perhaps, the most disreputable and mendacious quarterly print in England, a certain odium has attached to the new Journal, which we are happy to see that its appearance altogether belies. In the first place, we have an article by Professor Humphry, of Cambridge, which contains the substance of his address to the Department of Physiology at Nottingham. This address contains generalisations which, according to Professor Humphry's interpretation, form the ground-work on which certain natural laws may be inferred to exist, these are chiefly embodied by Professor Humphry in a "law of interruption," that may account for the presence of similar and coincident classes of animals throughout the evolution of the world's life-system. Mr. Wood contributes an important paper for the man of the future, in which the super-added muscular characters, which man does not share with the inferior animals, are pointed out. Professor Huxley furnishes a paper on certain human crania, embodying the results of an oral communication made to the British Association at Nottingham; the paper is certainly ingenious, but has been elsewhere entirely answered by Dr. Barnard Davis. Furthermore, Professor Huxley's printer has so little corrected the proofs of the tables offered by the learned author, that we, not unwillingly, close the paper, wondering whether the narrow "New Zealand" skull B has had correctly ascribed to it a "cephalic index" of '629 or one of '66. Both are ascribed to it in this paper, and for all practical purposes it cannot

matter which is true. The journal, however, will fill a great blank. There is in it an amount of scientific honesty and gentlemanly feeling exhibited, especially *e.g.* in the review of "Owen's Vertebrata," which all of its predecessors have not presented. We wish that some of its notice-contributors, *e.g.*, Dr. W. D. Moore, had paid a little more attention to elementary facts, as recited by the "Dutch and Scandinavian Contributors to Anatomical and Physiological Science"; but, giving due regard to the principle "*ex quo vis ligno non fit Mercurius*," we are thankful to get what we can; and, however feeble we may think anatomical science in England is at present, we cannot but regard the publication of the present journal as destined to advance the cause of scientific anatomy in a ratio equal to the expectations of its founders. We give it every good wish. "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing; for, verily, he shall not be disappointed"; or, as the character in Marryat's novel said, when he married his fourth wife, "Better luck next time."

#### REPORTS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

**PHILOLOGICAL.**—November 2.—Sir John F. Davis, Bart., in the chair.

The paper read was "On the Formation of Greek Futures and First Aorists," by Professor T. Hewitt Key, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society.

November 16.—Thomas Watts, Esq., in the chair. Dr. Gotthold Kreyenberg, of Dantzic, was elected a Member of the Society. The papers read were—1. "Some Greek Etymologies," by Professor Aufrecht. 2. "On the Pedigree of English Heroic or Blank Verse," by C. B. Cayley, Esq. The words treated by Prof. Aufrecht were—*ἥρως, λήγω, νήους, νέννος, ξύω, ξέω, ξύλος*. We give his derivation of *λήγω*:—*λήγω*.—The Homeric *ἀλλήλορος* and *ἀπολλήξει* induce us to suspect that *λήγειν* has dropped an initial consonant. I believe that, in this instance, it has been a *σ* which was lost, *σλ* being one of the combinations avoided in the beginning and middle of a Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit word, though common in Teutonic, Lithuanian, and Oscan. I compare with *λήγειν* the Old Saxon *slac* hebes, *slēkan* hebetare, Ags. *slēak*, Eng. *slack*, Old Norse *slakr*, remissus, laxus, *slakinn* piger, deses, Ohg. *slah*, laxus, remissus. Cognate words in Latin are *languo*, *laxus*. The original form of the root was, therefore, *SLAG*, or strengthened by a nasal, *SLANG*. Mr. Cayley derived the English Blank Verse from the Italian *sdrucciolo*, that from the hendecasyllabic, and that from the Latin *senarius*.

**MATHEMATICAL.**—November 8.—Annual General Meeting.—Prof. Cayley, Vice-President, in the chair.

This was the first meeting which has taken place at Burlington House. The Secretaries' and Treasurer's reports for the preceding year were read, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President—Prof. Sylvester: Vice-Presidents—Prof. Cayley, Prof. De Morgan, and Mr. Spottiswoode; Treasurer—Prof. Hirst; Secretaries—Mr. G. C. De Morgan and Mr. M. Jenkins. Prof. Sylvester gave a rule by which Gauss's formulæ for spherical triangles may be remembered; and Mr. Thos. Cotterill communicated some new and simple properties of cubic curves.

**ROYAL ASIATIC.**—November 19.—Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart., in the chair.

Prof. Goldstücker communicated to the meeting the intelligence he had received from Lahore of the existence in that city of a most extensive Sanskrit Library in the possession of Pandit Radha Kishen. From an examination of the catalogue that had been sent to him, he was able to state that that library contained a great many rare and valuable works, some of which had hitherto been supposed to be lost. He had also been promised catalogues of similar collections of Sanskrit MSS. in other parts of India, of the contents of which he would keep the Society informed as they came to hand. The paper read was by Prof. Max Müller, "On the Hymns of the Gaupāyana, and the Legend of King Asamāti." After some remarks on the proper use to be made of Sanskrit MSS. in general, and on the principles of criticism by which the writer was guided in his

edition of Sāyana's Commentary on the Rig-veda, he proceeded to show by an example the characters of the three classes of MSS. he had made use of, and the manner in which the growth of legends was favoured by the traditional interpretation of the Vedic Hymns. He had selected for this purpose the four hymns of the Gaupāyana (Mandala x., 57—60), and the Legend of King Asamāti quoted by Sāyana in explanation of them; and then related the latter, according to the various forms in which it has been handed down to us, from the simple account given in the Tāndya Brahmana and Katyāyana's Sarvānukrama, to the more expanded one in the Satyāyana Brahmana, the Bṛhaddevatā and the Nītimanjari. He then gave a double translation of the hymns in question—one in strict conformity to Sāyana's interpretation, and another in accordance with his own principles of translation—the latter as a specimen of what he intends to give in his forthcoming translation of the whole of the Rig-veda. The writer concluded with a *resumé* of the different points of interest which these hymns, though by no means fair specimens of the best religious poetry of the Brahmins, present; the healing powers of the hands, the constant dwelling on the divinities which govern the life of man, and the clear conception of a soul as separate from the body—of a soul after death going to Yama Varasvata, the ruler of the departed, or hovering about heaven or earth ready to be called back to a new life. If we reflected, he said, on these germinal thoughts, and on the vast proportions they were to assume in the later history of the Aryan world, we should have to admit that, even if we lost the legend of King Asamāti and the squabbles of his rival priests, there was still enough left—even in these meagre hymns—that would repay the student for the patient deciphering of the sacred records left to us by the Fathers of our own—the Aryan race.

**ENGINEERS.**—November 13.—John Fowler, Esq., President, in the chair.

The first paper read was on the "Results of the Employment of Steam Power in Towing Vessels on the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal," by Mr. W. B. Clegram.

The second paper read was "On the Employment of Steam Power upon the Grand Canal, Ireland," by Mr. S. Healy.

**LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL, MANCHESTER.**—October 30.—R. Angus Smith, V.P., in the chair. Professor R. B. Clifton, M.A., was elected an Honorary Member of the Society. "On the Manufacture of Sulphide of Ammonium," by Peter Spence.

**MICROSCOPICAL AND NATURAL HISTORY SECTIONS.**—October 8.—A. G. Latham, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Hurst read a paper "On the plants springing up spontaneously on the fresh turning up of pasture land at Knutsford, Cheshire."

**PHOTOGRAPHICAL SECTION.**—November 1.—Dr. J. P. Joule, F.R.S., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Coote exhibited an interesting set of prints, including views of Exeter Cathedral, Torquay, &c., which he had recently taken by the collodio-albumen process. One of the plates used had been prepared twelve months, and the print from it was equal to most of the others taken on freshly-prepared plates.

#### MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

##### MONDAY.

**INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.** 7.—"On the Value of Annuities payable half-yearly and quarterly, &c.," by T. B. Sprague, Esq., M.A.

##### TUESDAY.

**ENGINEERS.** 8.—1st "On the Smelting of Refractory Copper Ores, with Wood as Fuel, in Australia." By Joshua Llewellyn Morgan, Assoc. Inst. C.E.—2nd "On the Cofferdams used in the No. 2 Contract of the Thames Embankment." By Thomas Dawson Ridley, Assoc. Inst. C.E.

**ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL.** 8.30.—1st. "Letter of Dr. Livingstone, from the Rovuma River, East Africa."—2nd. "On the Physical Geography of Natal," by Dr. R. J. Mann.

##### WEDNESDAY.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.** 8.—"On the Effect of Unlimited Liability Partnership on the Progress of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce," by Mr. W. Hawes.

##### THURSDAY.

**ROYAL.** 8.30.

#### PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

**ADAMS (William, F.R.C.S.).** Club-Foot: its Causes, Pathology, and Treatment. Being the Essay to which the Jacksonian Prize for 1864, given by the Royal College of Surgeons, was awarded. With 100 Illustrations. 8vo, pp. xvii.—422. *Churchill*. 12s.

**ADAMS (Ernest, Ph. D., F.L.S.).** Elements of the English Language. New Edition. Post 8vo, pp. vii.—253. *Bell and Daldy*. 4s. 6d.

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**ANDERSEN (Hans).** Fairy Tales. A New Translation, by Mrs. Paull. With a Special Adaptation and Arrangement for Young People. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, pp. viii.—671. *Warne*. 5s.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

## To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—My attention has just been drawn to two anonymous letters which have appeared in your columns in reference to Mr. Cooke's claim in connection with the Electric Telegraph. Considerable misunderstanding exists, unfortunately, in the public mind, as to the relative merits of the different persons who have claimed the honour of having introduced, or as it is sometimes termed, having "invented" the Electric Telegraph. The following brief notice, by one who has been identified with the Electric Telegraph since the incorporation of the first—the Electric Telegraph Company—20 years ago, will I trust not be considered out of place in your columns.

## INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH.

As each property of Electricity became known, its velocity being popularly considered instantaneous, it immediately suggested the idea of its application for rapid communication to a distance. Telegraphs were actually made and worked from one room to another, by means of static electricity, as far back as the last century, but the first person who proposed a telegraph worked by the voltaic battery, and who realised it was Sæmmering. On the 6th of August, 1809, he constructed a telegraph, and exhibited it working through 2,000 feet of wire. This telegraph depended upon the decomposition of water by voltaic electricity. In the year 1802 Romagnosi discovered (and published the fact in Paris in 1804) that when a magnetised needle is submitted to the action of a galvanic current, it is deflected. In 1819 Oersted drew more particular attention to this fact, and from it resulted the galvanometer and the electro-magnet. It was Robert Norman, of the 16th century, to whom we owe the dipping needle, which gave rise to the vertical galvanometer or needle telegraph. The needle telegraph was the one first used in this country practically. Electric telegraphs of different forms were proposed or invented by many. There were Alexander, Steinheil, Davy, and several others, all obtaining communication in different ways by means of voltaic electricity. Baron Schelling seems to have been the first to have constructed a submarine telegraph under the River Neva, at St. Petersburg. It was he who constructed the first electro-magnetic telegraph, and in 1830 the Emperor of Russia saw it at work at Schelling's residence, when a distant mine was exploded by electricity before the Emperor. The same year Schelling started on a journey to China, and took his telegraph with him. He says he found it of great service, as it procured him introductions, and assisted him greatly in the object of his journey. To Sir William Watson is due the credit of having pointed out that the earth can be used to complete an electric circuit, and thus only one wire is necessary instead of two. It will, therefore, be seen that telegraphs were not only constructed, exhibited, and worked at a very early date by scientific men, but that Sæmmering had even proposed and exhibited his telegraph in 1809, which he described could be worked "by night as well as by day." In a word, the inventors of the electric telegraph are legion.

When in 1836 Mr. Cooke saw for the first time at Heidelberg a telegraph model at work, Baron Schelling's instrument, he immediately foresaw the great advantage to society that would result from its general introduction, and he set himself to work to realize this great idea. So diligently did he pursue his object that within twelve months he had invented a telegraph suitable for practical use. It was Mr. Cooke who first applied the attraction produced by voltaic electricity to the descent of a clock-train, to control its motion or to ring a bell—an important step in practical telegraphy; and he at once entered into negotiations with the then Leeds and Manchester Railway for the construction of a telegraph on their line. After this he found many difficulties in his way the moment he had to telegraph through long distances, and immediately applied to the fountain-head for information, viz., to Professor Faraday. He was subsequently advised by Dr. Roget to consult Professor Wheatstone, an undoubtedly clever man, and having then in his possession at King's College a considerable length of insulated wire ready for experimental purposes. In 1837 Cooke and Wheatstone took out their first patent; and the Electric Telegraph shortly afterwards, thanks to Mr. Cooke's enthusiasm and energy, took root and spread over the length and breadth

of the land. It was William Fothergill Cooke who went out on railway lines to combat the mechanical and other difficulties inseparable from all new works; he, who carried out the negotiations with the railway companies for the erection of the telegraphs on their lines; and it was he who proved to Robert Stephenson, Mr. Ricardo, and those gentlemen who formed the nucleus of the Electric Telegraph Company, that the Electric Telegraph was no chimera, but a really sound, practical, commercial undertaking. So successful was he that eight years did not elapse before there were telegraph circuits ninety miles in length at work between Gosport and London.

No one will, I hope, for a moment doubt that Professor Wheatstone was a most active and useful scientific adviser to and co-operator with Mr. Cooke, and that a very great amount of credit is due to him; but when we consider the question as to whom Europe is indebted to for the introduction of the telegraph as a great commercial undertaking, then the credit must undoubtedly belong to Mr. W. F. Cooke, for had he not happily been introduced to Professor Wheatstone his energy and enthusiasm were such that the telegraph would still have been a *fait accompli*, though probably not perfected so soon, for he would have sought other scientific aid to help him to combat the difficulties which presented themselves. When Mr. Cooke became acquainted with Professor Wheatstone, the latter gentleman had not made any progress in the shape of meeting the requirements of the public or anything like a suitable telegraph for practical communication, but still there is no doubt that he was already familiar with the labours of Ohm, the father of Electric Law, with those of Oersted and others; and there can be no doubt that Mr. Cooke knew but little of electricity when he first saw the telegraph-model exhibited at Heidelberg, but while philosophers, so to speak, were playing with the telegraph and exhibiting it as a "possibility," Mr. Cooke grasped the electric toy, and converted it into one of the subtlest and most valuable agents the world has ever beheld. That the world was ripe for the telegraph is evident from the fact that while Cooke and Wheatstone were at work in Europe, Professor Morse, aided by the American Faraday, Professor Henry, of Washington, were at work inventing and introducing a practical telegraph. The energetic Morse, like Cooke, knew but little of electricity, and it is Professor Henry's honour to have helped him over his greatest electric difficulties. Many philosophers have invented electric telegraphs; many had foreseen their great use; but the one man of indomitable energy, perseverance, and foresight, who took the matter up, and forced the public into its recognition, is undoubtedly William Fothergill Cooke. I may end with the remark that it is but seldom our nation acknowledges those to whom credit is really due, and still more rarely does the acknowledgment, even when tardy, carry with it any tangible mark.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

CROMWELL V. VARLEY.

#### CHOLERA.

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—In the review, which appeared in last week's READER, of my work on *Diarrhæa and Cholera*, your reviewer says:—"Suggestions which culminate in applying ice or cold water to the back of a poor devil who is already as cold as stone, are too much for our feelings;" and he also speaks of what he is pleased to call my "cold comfort," and of "freezing the sufferer." As this language, together with a statement quoted below, is likely to mislead many of your readers, and to foster a prejudice against the remedial method which I have originated, I shall feel obliged if you will afford space in your next number for the following observations.

One of the doctrines upon which my treatment of Cholera is based is, that in all stages of this disease, before reaction sets in, the arteries throughout the body are in a state of spasmodic contraction, caused, proximately, by abnormally vehement stimulus from the sympathetic nervous centres; hence the "mortal coldness" of cholera patients. Now, I affirm that when in such cases ice is applied along the spine, it exerts a sedative influence on those nervous centres, and thus, lessening the stimulus sent from them to the arteries, abolishes the spasms of the latter; and therefore that, by enabling the blood to pass through them again, ice so applied conduces to re-action, and makes the patient warm. Whether in the above-

mentioned stages of the disease, the arteries are in a state of spasm, and whether when they are so, ice properly applied along the spine will subdue such spasm, are, of course, questions of fact, which can only be answered by an appeal to the experience of competent observers; but, meanwhile, I answer confidently in the affirmative, and assert, moreover, that my answer is justified by the experience of myself and others.

If in cases of arterial spasm, the *modus operandi* of ice along the spine be as above explained, it seems reasonable to suppose that inasmuch as it is annulling a morbid state, its influence will be agreeable. But whether this theory of its action be or be not correct, certain it is that in cases of coldness from disorder of the nervous system, ice promotes both the comfort and the warmth of the patient. I could fill many columns with evidence from my own note-books in support of this statement. Perhaps you will afford space for the following facts. During the very coldest days of the winter of 1863, a paralytic patient whom I was treating at Guy's Hospital, and who was greatly benefited, was the only one walking about the grounds on several occasions when I visited the hospital: he had a column of ice on his back! The other patients shrank from the cold, and while those in the ward with him huddled round the fire, he had no wish to go near it. In one of my pamphlets I have published the detail of a case of a woman, 60 years old, who for more than twenty years was always cold to the touch, even over the shoulders and bosom, although she was warmly clothed, and whose feet were habitually and extremely cold. While being treated by means of ice, during three weeks, she experienced an extraordinary increase of bodily heat. The surface of the body continued so wonderfully warm all over that the patient, astonished and delighted with this change, as well as with the simultaneous disappearance of other grave nervous troubles, came to me, sometime after the treatment had ceased, to show me how warm and healthy her skin had not only become, but had remained. Indeed, in the work he was reviewing, your reviewer, if he had read it through, must have found considerable evidence that treatment by means of ice, so far from involving the patients in such misery as to call forth his compassionate epithet of "poor devils," is actually enjoyed. At page 44, the mother of a child suffering from cholera is reported to have said:—"He sleeps every time the bag is put on; he seems to like it; he holds his head down to let the bag be put on directly I tell him the bag is coming; so I think it must be a comfort to him." And at page 47, there is the following passage:—"While I write, a note (dated July 31st, 1866) has just reached me from a physician, who is making extensive use of spine-bags in Scotland. He says: 'One thing has struck me much since I wrote you last, namely, the liking that sensitive chilly patients have for the cold bag to the spine, although frightened to think of it before they make trial.' In 1863, Dr. Druitt\* came to my house to see the results of my treatment of paralysed and epileptic patients, of whom he saw five. He subsequently wrote me a letter, giving his impressions of what he had seen. After confessing that he was agreeably surprised at the results of my treatment, and stating that 'there was no mistaking the testimony of the patients that those results had been most beneficial,' he observes, 'I learned from all the patients that the treatment had made them more comfortable, I mean as regards their general feelings of health and animal sensations, without reference to the relief of particular symptoms.' At page 239 is the following observation made to me by Dr. Griffin, of Southampton, respecting the effects of ice along the spine in cases of Cholera:—"Well, I don't see why such a dead set is made against the ice: it stops the cramps, vomiting, and purging; it makes the patients warm, and it prolongs life."

Your reviewer's statement, that, whilst some of my cholera cases proved fatal, "others amongst the successful cases were clearly not of the true cholera type at all, and never exceeded the stage of looseness or premonitory purging," is, I regret to be obliged to say, simply false, as anyone who will look to my record of the cases may easily assure himself. Of the twenty-two successful cases, every one had exceeded the stage of "looseness or premonitory purging"; two of them, however, when placed in my hands, had been already relieved, and were suffering almost exclusively from vomiting, which the physicians, having the care of them, found themselves unable to arrest, and therefore requested me to treat them with ice (see page 232). It is quite certain that the average severity of the cases treated by ice at Southampton, and recorded in my book, was greater than the average severity of the other cases treated

by other methods at the same time; and, notwithstanding the fact that my method was most partially and inadequately applied under peculiarly unfavorable circumstances, it is also quite certain that, whereas more than two-thirds of the patients submitted to ordinary treatment died, nearly two-thirds of the patients treated by ice recovered.

It is to be expected that physicians who propound theories of Cholera, but whose theories point to no successful treatment, should hold the opinion that this disease is incurable. Hence Dr. George Johnson says:—"I have not the faintest hope or expectation that a specific remedy for such a disease as Cholera will ever be discovered." And, hence, Dr. Shrimpton, according to your reviewer, "clearly proves that the man who talks about curing 'the cholera,' does not appreciate some of the first and simplest principles of the art of medicine." It seems to me, however, that such confident conclusions are very premature, and my experience, slight though it has been, justifies my opinion. If your reviewer will refer to page 237 of my work, he will there see that, though all the cases of Cholera in *complete collapse*, viz., seven, under the care of certain medical men at Southampton, and which were submitted to ordinary treatment, died, the half of all the cases of *complete collapse*, viz., ten, which were treated most imperfectly by means of ice, recovered. Moreover, though no medicine yet known has the power of recovering patients from choleraic collapse, yet of thirty-three cases of collapse treated by means of ice, twenty-six were completely rescued from that state, and four more were rallied—two of them to a great extent.

Your reviewer advises me "to peruse attentively Dr. Charles Shrimpton's copious and able essay," and to think over again my entire doctrine and practice. Permit me to inform him that I had read that book before his review appeared, and to suggest to him to consider whether, trusting himself implicitly to Dr. Shrimpton's guidance, he has not been led into a region of amazing fictions. Among these, as he will perhaps find, is the statement that, during choleraic collapse, "no surface will secrete," and another, that the breath of cholera patients is "sensibly four or five degrees below that of the surrounding atmosphere at all ordinary temperatures."

Yours truly,

JOHN CHAPMAN, M.D.

25 Somerset Street,  
Portman Square,  
November 20th, 1866.

#### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—As I don't know to whom "Ouida" refers when he quotes the charge of "want of disinterestedness" applied to American publishers, I will not discuss his misrepresentation of English literary feeling on the subject of copyright in the United States. Neither can it be necessary for anyone to argue seriously that an author's desire to be paid for his work is not "a base reduction of all literary aims and desires to the one question of £. s. d." I will merely cite one fact—representative not accidental—in disproof of his assertion that "the force of public opinion in the United States is very nearly as efficient as a law in securing to a publisher the undisturbed possession of works to which he has notified his priority of right by early advertisement."

Simultaneously with its appearance here in 1864, "Enoch Arden" was published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston; by Mr. Tennyson's wish, expressed in public advertisement in the United States, the sole publishers of his works in that country. The book proving unprecedently popular, an "enterprising firm" published an edition at a reduced price in complete defiance of the etiquette presumed to obtain.

"Ouida's" "public opinion" showed itself among honest people as was natural, but the mass of buyers—the right to whose expended dollars we are talking about—with equal naturalness, bought the cheaper book.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. C. L.

#### CÆSAR'S INVASION.

[No. V.]

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—After some interval I resume the subject of Cæsar's Invasion, and shall conclude with some observations upon his second Expedition, B.C. 54.

I could easily show, from Cicero's letters, if time permitted, that Cæsar sailed on his second Expedition sometime in July, B.C. 54. His port

\* Author of *The Surgeon's Vade Mecum*.

of embarkation was Boulogne, as is now generally agreed, and he weighed anchor at sunset (*Solis occasu*, B. 9, v. 8.), with a slight south-west wind (*leni africo*, *Ib.*), but at midnight (*mediâ circiter nocte*, *Ib.*) the wind dropped, and, thus becalmed, he was drifted out of his course by the tide, and at daylight descried Britain on his *left-hand* (*longius delatus cæstu, orta luce, sub sinistra Britanniam relictam conspexit*, *Ib.*). In July the Sun sets about 8 p.m., and rises about 4 a.m. Cæsar, therefore, had sailed from Gaul about 8 p.m., and had sighted Britain, on his left hand, about 4 a.m. Now, considering that the direction of the voyage was from south to north, and that, whether Cæsar sailed from Boulogne or from Wissant, the head of the vessel *must* have pointed nearly due north, it is clear to demonstration that the phenomenon of having Britain on the *left-hand* could only be satisfied by a drift beyond, or at least up to, the South Foreland. In that case, and in that case only, would a voyager looking out ahead, *i. e.*, to the north, at day-break see land on the left hand and the ocean only on the right. On discovery of this aberration from the true line, what did Cæsar do? The tide which had carried him up Channel turned, about this time, down Channel, and he *followed it back*, and, therefore, away from Deal and towards Hythe (*Tum rursus cæstus commutationem secutus remis contendit*, &c., *Ib.*). If Cæsar had been drifted by the tide, as he certainly was, from west to east, he must, if he went back with the tide when it turned, have gone from east to west. This he would naturally do if Hythe were his object, but if he were making for Deal he would have gone the contrary way, *viz.*, eastward, either against the tide as it turned down Channel, or, at least, athwart the tide, and could not, by any possibility, have taken advantage of the tide and gone along with it. It was this argument that induced the learned D'Anville to place the landing of Cæsar at Hythe—indeed, the argument has never received an answer, and never will.

Another singular feature is this, the turn of the tide in the Channel is *four hours after high water*. When Cæsar, therefore, went with the tide at its turning down Channel, it was four hours after high water and approaching to low water. Picture to yourself 800 ships (for this was the number of the fleet, including tenders) under sail, about mid-Channel, to the east of the South Foreland, and making for Deal. Why, they must have gone directly over the Goodwins, and, allowing for the rate at which they advanced, must have come upon the Goodwins at low water itself. The Emperor, in his life of Cæsar, to avoid this difficulty, makes Cæsar carry his fleet in a zigzag, first westward, so as to escape the Goodwins, and then eastward again towards Deal. But, in fact, Cæsar, when he discovered how he had drifted up Channel, retraced his course and steered for Hythe, and thus escaped the Goodwins, or, rather, never reached them. Had the fleet ever encountered these dangerous sands we should have heard some thing about them from Cæsar's pen.

So much for the voyage by *sea*. Now for the tactics on *land*. Having disembarked his army, Cæsar in the first place pitched his camp, and as it was on a suitable spot (*idoneo loco* B. 9, v. 9), it was probably not on the seashore itself, but some where in the vicinity, where the ground offered an eligible site. At midnight (*de tertiâ vigiliâ*, B. 9, v. 9) he marched twelve miles inland, when at daybreak he came in sight of the enemy, posted in a wood, well stockaded, and described as strong by nature, and stronger by the works which had been thrown up, not *extempore*, but as a defence against domestic foes (*Progressus millia passuum circiter xii.—Se in sylvas abdidit (Britanni) locum nacti egregie et naturâ et operâ munitum, quem domestici belli, ut videbatur, causâ jam caute preparaverant* B. 9, v. 9). At no great distance in front of the stockade flowed a river, and while the British infantry remained in their entrenchments, the cavalry and war-cars advanced to the banks of the stream to dispute the enemy's passage (*Equitatu atque essedis ad flumen progressi*, &c., B. 9, v. 9).

The position of the British then was distinguished by these features:—(1.) It was about twelve miles from the sea. (2.) It was a wood. (3.) It was a commanding site by nature. (4.) It had been fortified, before Cæsar's arrival, as a barrier against some internal enemy. (5.) In advance of it, and at no great distance from it, was a river of sufficient importance to offer an obstruction to crossing in the face of a hostile force. All these phenomena cannot be combined in the supposition that Cæsar landed at Deal. The Emperor Napoleon, indeed, supposes that the British entrenched themselves at Kingston, and that the river in front was the Little Stour. But Kingston stands on the bare downs without any trace of a forest or even a tree; and as for the

Little Stour, which takes its rise hereabouts, it may be a stream in winter, but in summer and autumn is a dry channel. Littleburne, lower down on the Little Stour, would be much less objectionable, but even here the Little Stour is but a rill, and, though a coppice may be found in the neighbourhood, there is no forest or high ground that could have presented attractions for a permanent entrenched camp. Others locate the British on the banks of the Great Stour, but this either flows at a distance of eighteen miles from Deal, or, where it comes within the reach of twelve miles, flows sluggishly through marshland with no forestal eminence in the vicinity of its banks.

Assume now that Cæsar landed at Hythe, and see how exactly *all the requisites are found*! How the face of the country tallies in every respect with Cæsar's description.

Having disembarked on the broad shingle bed at the western extremity of Romney Marsh, Cæsar selects a suitable spot for his camp (*idoneo loco*), and pitches it on the high ground that environs the marsh on the north: he then marches in quest of the enemy twelve miles inland, which brings him to the vicinity of the Great Stour, between Ashford and Wye: here he discovers the enemy posted on the frowning cliff of Challock Wood, on the west of the river, and on his attempting to cross the Stour the *essedarii* and cavalry of the Britons are sent forward to dispute the passage. Now, Challock Wood is a most remarkable feature in this part. The belt of chalk hills, which traverses Kent from west to east, is here abruptly intersected by the Stour, and at the butt end of the ridge, on the west side of the river, is Challock Wood. A little to the east of the river the hills (or, as they may there be more properly designated, the downs) recommence and run on to Folkstone. The valley of the Stour, therefore, about Wye forms a defile, commanded by the heights on each side, and as it leads to Canterbury, which is, and probably always was, the capital of Kent, would be of great military importance in a war between the Cantii and their neighbours. Cæsar, speaking of the regions to the south of the Thames, tells us *quibus regionibus quatuor reges præerant* (B. C. v. 22). The four peoples or clans over which these kings ruled were no doubt the contiguous nations, the Cantii, Regni, Atrebatæ, and Belgæ. About the time when Eppillus, son of Commius, was king (a generation later than Cæsar), we meet with coins, exhumed in these parts, with the inscription C.R.A.B., which has puzzled antiquaries, but may not unreasonably be explained by the initial letters of the four nations then subject to Eppillus, *viz.*, the Cantii, Regni, Atrebatæ, and Belgæ. In the time of Cæsar, however, there was domestic feud between the Cantii and the Regni, and Challock Wood was the point which the Cantii, would naturally select as a fitting barrier against an enemy approaching from the south-west. It commanded an extensive view as far as the Thames on the north and the Andred forest on the south. The luxuriant and massive timber enabled the Cantii to add the ramparts of art to the advantages of nature, and accordingly they had stockaded the front of the wood, where it overlooks the valley, by a dense framework of interwoven trees.

The remarks that I have made in this and the preceding papers have, of course, been elicited by the theory so lately propounded in the "Life of Cæsar,"—that the great captain effected his landing at Deal—a theory which, as it seems to me, is opposed to the phenomena of the times, and equally so to the actual features of the country. As regards the campaigns of Cæsar in *Gaul*, the Emperor has produced a work of extraordinary power, has, for the first time, traced lucidly the military operations of Cæsar, depicted his battlefields, located the peoples whom he subdued, and, in short, composed a history for which the literary world is deeply indebted to him: a history, worthy of an Emperor, and one which at subject, for want of the requisite materials, could not have written. But may I not be excused for hinting that, as to the campaigns of Cæsar in *Britain*, we, as natives of the Island, are better acquainted with the tides on our coasts, and more familiar with the configuration of the ground, and in these respects better enabled, than even an Emperor, to arrive at a sound conclusion.

November 10th, 1866.

AMICUS.

#### SUPERSTITION AND FORCE.

To the Editor of THE READER.

Dear Sir,—The kindly manner in which you speak of my little book, "Superstition and Force," in the READER of Sept. 29, is naturally gratifying to an author making his first appearance. More-

over, it leads me to think that you will, perhaps, allow me to express my dissent from your theory that the use of the various forms of ordeal arose simply from impatience of regular processes of law, and not from a superstitious reliance on divine interposition to defend the right and to punish crime.

With respect to the "vulgar ordeal," indeed, the general name under which it was known for centuries, "*judicium Dei*," would seem to indicate the source from which it derived its only claim to popular veneration. In the absence of primitive records of the European Barbarians, their processes of reasoning can only be matters of inference. You propose to draw your inferences from modern school boys, whose uneducated impulses may not unreasonably be held to represent the maturity of the untutored savage. This is doubtless true as to the passions, and to some extent also as to reason, but the faculty of fixed belief is scarcely to be predicated of childhood, especially in an age given to rationalism, such as ours. A fairer standard of comparison, I think, will be found by observing the customs of modern savages. For instance, among the West African tribes, where the poison ordeal is administered with rice, the vomiting of which is the proof of innocence, we find the popular belief to be that the fetish is swallowed with the poison, that it examines the heart of the accused, and, finding him guiltless, that it returns with the vice as evidence. Here, the reference of a doubtful question to a higher power is indubitable, and it is a fair inference that motives of a similar character influenced the untutored minds of the races which, from India to Ireland, adopted a series of judicial expedients that can hardly be otherwise explained.

This superstition, thus apparently inherent in the human mind, was rather stimulated than repressed by the rude teachings of imperfect Christianity. The doctrine of an omnipotent and omniscient Creator, without whose direct volition not even a sparrow could fall, was a weapon of tremendous force in the hands of those who professed to represent Him on earth; and the church made haste to turn to the enhancement of its own power and influence the simple credulity of its converts. That it should adopt without reserve the system of ordeals is not surprising when we see how carefully it inculcated on the faithful the belief in the perpetual interposition of God and the saints in the every day affairs of life. How thoroughly these lessons were learned is shown in every detail of mediæval history. No one can study the progress of mankind, from the fall of Rome to the Reformation, without recognizing that the explanation of the strange contradictions and startling anomalies of that wonderful period is to be generally found in the limitless faith which characterised the mass of the populations. Men who could gravely and reverently listen to the exorcisms which the established ritual provided for the ordeal could believe anything and everything. Take, for instance, the following, which was appropriated to the *corsnad*, or ordeal of bread:—

"O God Most High, who dwellest in Heaven, and who through thy Trinity and Majesty hast thy just angels, send, O Lord, thy Angel Gabriel to stick in the throat of those who have committed this theft, that they may neither chew nor swallow this bread and cheese created by Thee. I invoke the patriarchs, Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, with twelve thousand Angels and Archangels. I invoke the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. I invoke Moses and Aaron, who divided the sea. That they may bind to their throats the tongues of the men who have committed this theft, or consented thereto. If they taste this bread and cheese created by Thee, may they tremble like a trembling tree, and have no rest, nor keep the bread and cheese in their mouths, that all may know Thou art the Lord, and there is none other but Thee!"

In what does the governing principle of this differ from the fetishism of the Kalabarese?

With the natural bias towards superstition, and with the education which so carefully exaggerated the innate propensity, I think the wonder is, not that our ancestors believed in the special instrumentality of a piece of red-hot iron or barley bread, duly blessed by the priest, and administered with the most imposing ceremonies of an infallible church, but that we should ever have succeeded in throwing off the reverence which was so elaborately nurtured. Are we of the nineteenth century, indeed, quite so free from the bonds of superstition as to warrant us in wholly ignoring the past? I read that this year the blood of S. Januarius liquified itself in a specially satisfactory manner; and it is only a few months since the worst bandit in the Papal territories was

24 NOVEMBER, 1866.

respite because the Virgin had promised that he should not be executed and caught the blade of the guillotine before it could graze his neck.

The battle-ordeal, I admit, is somewhat more complex, and I have endeavoured, in my book, to trace the various causes which led to its wide development. At the same time, I cannot but think that a sincere belief generally existed that the event was determined by divine interposition. Those who favoured it, always referred to it in terms expressing this belief, and those who opposed it, as Rotharis and Liutprand, in the Lombard Law, and Frederick II., in his Sicilian Constitutions, were careful to express their disbelief as the reason for their opposition.

The earliest formula extant concerning the judicial duel is that of the primitive Bavarian Law, and it contains a direct invocation to God—"Mendacium jurasti contra me: sponde pugnam duorum, et manifestet Deus si mendacium an veritatem jurasti." So it can be traced from age to age. Even Innocent III., whose vigorous mind did so much to suppress all the forms of ordeal, could not shake off the influence of the prevailing belief, and assumed that when the Priory of St. Sergius was unjustly convicted of theft by the duel, the result could only be attributed to other sins of which the community was really guilty. The Schwabenspiegel—the code which for centuries regulated Southern Germany—in prescribing the duel for doubtful cases, piously remarks, "Hoc ideo statutum est, quod causa hæc nemini cognita est quam Deo, cujus est eandem juste decidere." Even Philippe-le-Bel, the *esprit fort* of his age, while labouring strenuously to limit or abolish the battle-ordeal, felt himself obliged to yield so much to the spirit of the fourteenth century as to admit, "Et se l'intéressé, sans orgueil ni maltalement, pour son bon droit seulement requiert bataille, ne doit doubter engin ne force, car le vray juge sera pour luy." As late as the reign of Elizabeth, in 1557, Sir William Staundford, in his "Plees del Corone," urges the battle trial, in order "to leave it to God, to whom all things are open, to give the verdict in such case, *scilicet*, by attributing the victory or vanquishment to the one party or the other, as it pleaseth Him." I might continue almost indefinitely these illustrations, drawn from the higher and more educated classes of their respective times. How the uneducated knights and barons were taught to expect the immediate interposition of supernatural power may be gathered from the manner in which they were ready to purchase it, as in a charter to the Monastery of St. Peter, at Bèze, whereby a neighbouring knight made over a piece of land to the saint, to buy his aid in an approaching duel.

Have all vestiges of these beliefs disappeared from among us? Is there a war, even now-a-days, in which a large and devout portion of any nation engaged, confident in the justice of its cause, does not feel sure that Heaven cannot permit the evil to triumph? Are not prayers for victory offered in almost all Christian churches, and are not *Te Deums*, in some, even yet sung for success? I do not care to analyze too closely, but it is impossible not to trace in existing formulas the germs of the same spirit which, when stimulated by a fervent, all pervading and unreasoning faith, prompted our ancestors to the fantastic incongruities which it was the province of my volume to describe.

It would be vain, of course, to look for consistency in all the manifestations of customs, founded on unreason, and prevailing among so many races during a thousand years; and I have brought together numerous illustrations of the contradictions arising from the practical application of a principle so little suited to the affairs of daily life. Indeed, I have expressly laboured to prove that the ordeal was largely employed, by those who had no belief in its theory, as a mode of torture, which was found efficacious in obtaining confessions and testimony that could be extorted in no other way before the use of torture was legalised. That there were sceptics in all ages I believe, and you will find that belief expressed in my book. The very priests who administered the ordeal, and whose imposing religious ceremonies inspired their flocks with confidence in its results, must in many cases have controlled the event, and could have had little faith themselves. All the facts furnished to me by a tolerably extensive acquaintance with mediæval lore I have honestly stated, in the endeavour to show the varying phases of human intelligence in its slow and hesitating progress towards civilization, and I have no doubt that, if you are not disposed to accept the views expressed above, you could make a satisfactory refutation of them from the material in my book alone. This would rather gratify me, for my object was simply to present the truth, and I did not feel that I was called upon either to construct or to defend a

theory. My design was merely to collect and to arrange, and I sought to obtrude upon the reader only so much of my own reflections as seemed requisite to give significance and intelligibility to the facts.

I remain, very respectfully,

HENRY C. LEA.

Philadelphia, Oct. 22, 1866.

## ART.

### THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

It was scarcely to be expected the Old Water Colour Society would be allowed to hold the field, with its Winter Exhibition, for more than a season or two, unchallenged; and this year, accordingly, we have the Institute with its Exhibition of Sketches and Studies. We are far from objecting to the younger Society's sharing in whatever laurels are to be gained from such displays; but we are half-afraid that, in the heat of rivalry, the conditions of the contest will not always be observed. Nothing, to the intelligent visitor, can be so interesting as an "Exhibition of Sketches and Studies"; but if, in two cases out of three, the contributions are neither Sketches nor Studies, but finished drawings, the whole charm vanishes, and the exhibitions themselves will, sooner or later, collapse. Unfortunately the necessities, and, we grieve to say, sometimes the cupidity of the moment, compel artists, for what they fancy at the time is a long price, to part with their sketches, and, consequently, when an exhibition like the one now under consideration requires its walls covered, Sketches and Studies for the occasion have to be made. This, in our opinion, defeats the whole intention of the thing; the benefit to the artist, in a monetary sense, will be of an equivocal and temporary kind, not to say what virtues may ooze out of him in unconscious waste, and the trusting public is defrauded of that instruction, and of that knowledge of the individuality of the artist, for which it pays its shilling. Manufactured sketches and finished drawings are not what the public look for; and if *bonâ fide* Sketches and Studies are not forthcoming it will be found better in the long-run, we suspect, were the old custom of only one exhibition restored. If artists would only be wise they would never, unless under very exceptional circumstances, part with a single sketch. It may bring a cheque for fifty to day, truly; but give it time to fructify and turn itself about in the artist's brain, and it will multiply itself, by-and-bye, into many hundreds.

With such misgivings as we have hinted at, we proceed to indicate briefly the more noticeable pictures in the exhibition. There are in all 528 works, consisting of sketches, studies, and finished drawings.

The very first name in the catalogue is that of Miss Sarah Setchel, and, after so long an absence from the walls of the Institution, it is with feelings of unfeigned pleasure we welcome her back. Her studies are of the true type, always earnest and pregnant with meaning. That "for Rachel in the momentous question," 376; the one also "for David Deans on hearing his daughters speaking of the dance," 388; also her two Studies of a Hand, 1 and 187, are all examples of our meaning. Another study of the right class is from the pencil of the gifted President, and it shows with what nice sympathy he can handle Oriental subjects. In this respect he always reminds us of Mr. Lundgren. We allude to the "Study of a group in the picture 'cooling room of an Egyptian bath on the occasion of a wedding,'" 321. Mr. E. G. Warren has a very clever sketch of "A Coast Scene," 205, and an equally meritorious drawing which he calls "Bringing home the Yule Log," 48. From the prolific pencil of Mr. Charles Vacher, we have interesting scenes from Wales, Italy, and the East; and Mr. Thomas L. Rowbotham is equally abundant and happy. Mr. Weigall still charms us with his poultry, Harrison Weir with his birds, and Mrs. Wm. Duffield with her flowers.

We like very much the life and bustle depicted in E. B. Campion's "Boat pushing off from the Beach," 19, and think that Mr. B. R. Green shows marked improvement in his "Hurstmonceaux Castle, Sussex," 24. Mr. J. M. Topling, too, in his "Adeline," appears to us to be getting into a healthier and better style. Carl Werner sends a dozen characteristic drawings, but L. Haghe only a couple, both of which represent the interior of an artist's studio. Among Mr. E. H. Corbould's contributions, we prefer his sketch for the Queen's picture, representing "Joseph making himself known to his Brethren," 74, and "Anne Boleyn conducted by Sir Thomas Wyatt to Windsor Castle," 224. Mr. John Absolon shows a fine

appreciation of his subject in the manner he has handled his "Study for the Drawing of Prince Charles Edward in the Island of Skye," 382. The freedom and truth of hand here are admirable. Nor is Guido Bach without vigour and grace as a draughtsman. His "Hylas," 347, and "The Fisher," 419, are to us agreeable surprises, and indicate a liking for the classical in subject which he would do well to cultivate. Mr. E. Green's "Fairlight," 63, J. W. Whymper's "Carrying Bark," 93, "Haunt of the Moor-fowl," by G. H. C. Pidgeon, and "A Sketch in Windsor Forest," by G. W. Bennett, are all well worth examination. As examples of John Chase's style and treatment, we would point to "The Interior of the Church of St. Gomar," 128, and to "Hadleigh Castle," 144. John Mogford's "Fitful Weather," and W. L. Leitch's "Dee Side," 122, W. W. Deane's "Boat from the Po," 508, "Loiterers," 466, by George Shalders, and J. C. Reed's, 420, are all marked for approval. The Secretary, Mr. Fahey, who, we are sorry to hear, is seriously indisposed, has several desirable pictures. We prefer his "Eskmeals," 286.

Miss Emily Farmer's "In and Out of Mischief," 504; Miss Harrison, various studies of Flowers; "The Recovery," 202, by Miss Louisa Corboux; Mrs. W. Oliver's "Landscapes;" Miss Fanny Harris's "Fruit," are all deserving of emphatic commendation, and we regret that the exigencies of space forbid our doing more than indicate, as we have done, a few of the more prominent contributions to the gallery.

### THE MACLEAN GALLERY.

This is the Second Annual Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings opened by Mr. McLean, whose object is to give a fair representation of living and deceased masters, and especially to afford an opportunity to young and unknown men of exhibiting their works. On the present occasion, living art is supported by such names as F. W. Topham, E. Lundgren, W. D. Watson, E. Duncan, Birket Foster, and Herman Tenkate; while David Cox and William Hunt may be fairly held up as representations of the worthies that are gone.

We do not purpose, at present, entering upon the individual merits of these drawings, but we can vouch for the fact that they have been selected with much judgment and taste, and that there is not upon the walls a single picture which is not, more or less, representative in a high sense, and which one would not very unwillingly see away. The gallery is admirably lighted, and the visitor, once there, will find abundant material on which to spend a pleasant hour.

The Old Water Colour Society give a private view to-day, and will open its gallery to the public on Monday.

SINCE last week, another Water Colour Collection has been got together in the Haymarket.

We intend noticing Mr. Madox-Brown's important new work of "Cordelia's Portion," next week.

### MISCELLANEA.

At the Adelphi, owing to the illness of Miss Kate Terry, "Ethel; or, Only a Life," has been succeeded by "Victorine; or, I'll Sleep on it." Although an old piece, and one that has known the Adelphi before, the admirable way it is put on the stage cannot be overlooked. The part of the little sempstress, taken by Miss Neilson, cannot fail to be noticed, still less that taken by Mrs. Mellon, nor must we forget Mr. Billington, who, both in the garret and the drawing-room, is equally amusing. A new and original drama, by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg, Esqrs., entitled "A Sister's Vengeance," is announced for Monday next.

We are reminded that in the review, which appeared last week, of Mr. Jesse's "Life of George III." an injustice was unintentionally committed against the originality of certain portions of the book. It is there said that "many of the papers printed by Mr. Jesse have been published in the volumes of the Duke of Buckingham, Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon, and books of that class." Thus this sentence has the appearance of including the Croker papers, which it should not do, for Mr. Jesse is the first to publish any of the letters in that collection. Again, the Eldon papers referred to are not those only printed by Twiss in his biography of the Lord Chancellor, but also original MSS., contained in an interesting volume, which were placed at Mr. Jesse's disposal. This volume alone contains 70 letters from the King, 8 from Queen Charlotte, 35 from George IV., 27

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from Queen Caroline, 12 from the Duke of Kent, and 3 from the Princess Elizabeth, besides three or four others from the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick. The King's letters to Lord Castlereagh, now printed for the first time, are derived from copies of the originals entrusted to Mr. Croker. The originals themselves were lost on the occasion of a shipwreck, in which Lord Castlereagh's former tutor, Dr. Turner, Bishop of Calcutta, lost all his effects. Bishop Turner had received permission to carry them with him to India for biographical purposes.

No student of English literature is unacquainted with Bishop Percy's *Reliques*. It had in all probability a great deal to do with the production of the *Waverley Novels*. Yet, after all, many of the poems are not genuine as printed. The Bishop altered his manuscript at discretion. No secret has ever been made of this fact, and various attempts have been made to induce the Bishop's descendants, in whose possession the folio MS. has always remained, to permit a faithful copy to be made. At last a negotiation for that purpose, undertaken by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, whose exertions for the preservation and interpretation of early English literature are so well known, has been successful. The MS., containing 196 pieces, in a hand of James I.'s reign, has been lent to him. To copy and print it will cost not less than £600. This sum it is proposed to raise by subscriptions of various amounts, from ten guineas down to one, conferring corresponding privileges. The names of the first subscribers are:—The Duke of Devonshire, H. Reeve, Esq., H. Hutt, Esq., H. T. Parker, Esq., Lord Houghton, H. H. Gibbs, Esq., A. Macmillan, Esq., and G. L. Craik, Esq. The work will be printed by Messrs. Spottiswoode, and published by Messrs. Trübner, in two volumes, about 1,200 pages. It is hoped that the first volume will be ready for delivery by March 1, 1867, and the second volume by May 1. For the introductions to, and collations of the ballads and romances, Professor Child, of Harvard, and J. W. Hales, Esq., M.A., will be responsible. The name of Mr. Furnivall himself will be sufficient guarantee for the faithfulness of the text.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE announce a new edition, or rather the first genuine edition, of the Greek Text of the New Testament from the Codex Vaticanus. Professor Tischendorf spent the spring of this year in Rome with this object in view. The book in its execution and shape will be a companion volume to the 4to. Edition of the Codex Sinaiticus, and will give the Text true to the manuscript, indicating throughout the pages and columns of the original, and, in the case of about 50 columns, even the single lines. The later alterations, which have been so often heretofore confounded with the Original Text, will be for the first time distinguished not only from the Text itself, but from a third writing, later by several centuries. The text will be preceded by copious Prolegomena: on the History of the Codex, on its Palæographic and other peculiarities, on the Corrections, on the date of its execution, and on the character of the Text. The editor compares the Codex Vaticanus with the Codex Sinaiticus throughout, and the result of this comparison, shewing the relative positions of these two most important, and to some extent, similar manuscripts, though resting on wholly independent foundations, will be seen to be of a very startling character. A companion volume is also announced, which, under the title of an "Appendix," will contain; First, Two more leaves of the Codex Sinaiticus, in fac-simile, being fragments of the Pentateuch found in the Covers of Old Bindings in the Sinai Monastery; Secondly, Nineteen three-column pages of the Codex Vaticanus, taken from fifteen different Books of the New Testament, and a double column of the Poetical Books of the Old Testament, of particular interest, partly from a palæographic, partly from a textual point of view. Thirdly, The complete Text of the Letters of Clemens Romanus from the Codex Alexandrinus in the British Museum. The last portion of the Codex Alexandrinus, which contains these important writings, and which are preserved in no other manuscript, has never yet been edited with exact accuracy, though the defective state of these leaves has rendered a critical edition of them a decided want. All the Texts will be printed in the form and with the same types as the Edition of the Codex Sinaiticus, the object being to give as artistic a reproduction of the Original as was so successfully attempted in the Imperial Edition of the Codex in question. The Prolegomena will contain dissertations and elucidations with regard to palæography. Both volumes will appear early in 1867.

THE "Oratorio Season" was opened on Tuesday by the National Choral Society's performance of "Elijah," under the conduct of Mr. G. W.

Martin. Mr. Santley was present in all his strength. Madame Sachet Champion, who in the absence of the original singers, took all the principal soprano music, discharged her somewhat onerous duty with care, but lacks power for a position so prominent as that which she filled. The ambition of Mr. J. Kerr Gedge, a new tenor, who sang the music of "Obadiah," was unaccompanied by adequate capability of achievement. Miss Lucy Franklein, on the other hand, seemed to improve on former efforts, and gave the simpler contralto airs with considerable force and feeling. Of the oratorio itself there is nothing fresh to be said; of its performance by the choir one can only mark the occasional want of precision and balance; the altos being particularly defective, as is the custom in choirs generally. Some of them, indeed, may perhaps be credited with entertaining views on the evils of giant choruses identical with those often put forth in these columns, and with the commendable aim of reducing the 700 voice-power to have endeavoured to diminish its volume by abstaining from singing altogether. Unfortunately for such amiable enthusiasm (if it exists), it has been expended in the wrong direction; for the desired reformation can hardly be accomplished thus.

AT MR. MURRAY'S Annual Trade Sale these numbers were subscribed for:—1,200 Lyell's Principles, and 400 of his Elements of Geology,—600 Fergusson's History of Architecture,—400 King George the Third's Correspondence with Lord North,—550 Darwin on Species,—650 Milman's Jews, 3 vols,—300 Guizot on Christianity,—180 Grote's Greece, 8 vols, and 220 of his Plato, 3 vols,—350 Gladstone's Reform Speeches,—800 Stanley's Jewish Church, 2 vols, and 500 of his Sinai and Palestine,—350 Forsyth's Life of Cicero,—200 Lord Derby's Homer, 2 vols,—600 Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, 3 vols, and 700 of the Smaller Dictionary,—1,100 James's *Æsop*,—700 Barbauld's Hymns,—1,500 Student's Manual of the New, and 900 of the Old Testament History,—2,800 Byron's Works,—1,000 Hallam's Histories,—2,400 King Edward the Sixth's Latin Grammars,—6,300 The Student's Hume,—2,600 Smith's Classical Dictionaries, 4,300 Latin Dictionaries, 12,100 Greek and Latin Course,—6,800 smaller Histories,—500 Murray's British Classics,—350 Hook's Church Dictionary,—7,500 Little Arthur's England,—8,900 Mrs. Markham's Histories,—350 Dr. Child's Benedicite, 2 vols,—550 Robertson's History of the Church, Vol. III,—500 Blunt's Scriptural Coincidences,—5,000 Murray's Student's Manuals,—and 2,000 Murray's Handbooks.

PROFESSOR SELWYN has so far recovered from the effects of his late severe accident that no further bulletins will be issued at present. We are also happy to state that the Rev. G. Williams, who has been seriously ill with low fever since his return from the East, is recovering.

THE career of the New Royalty Theatre, under the skilful conduct of the present Manageress, seems tending towards success. "Meg's Diversion," the piece whose prosperity appears to mark the turning point, is a most pleasant little comedy by Mr. H. T. Craven. Its hero, a village carpenter, who, amid common-place, almost vulgar surroundings, loves the heroine with a passionate tenderness and self-sacrificing devotion worthy of the days of chivalry, or rather of the tales that are written about them, is played by the author in a style reminding us of Robson. Miss M. Oliver looks and plays *Meg* charmingly. Mr. C. Wyndham gives an amusing and not overcharged portrait of the philosophical baronet, who, endeavouring to copy Mr. Day's plan in the selection of a wife, meets with equal want of success in his adventure; and Mrs. Leigh Murray, as the scheming widow, acts with her well-known cleverness.

THERE is no more completely satisfactory piece of acting to be witnessed at the present moment on our stage than Mr. Charles Mathews' *Sir Charles Coldstream*. The old consummate ease and polish are still there, while the juvenility of twenty years since seems no whit abated. As a specimen of pure comedy, therefore, the delicacy of portraiture and thorough mastery of detail in the first act of "Used up," can hardly be praised too highly. The comparative imperfectness of conception in the second act has already been commented on; so it is only right to record that attention to the minutia of stage business has modified the force of some of the objections which have been urged against a performance which gave neither the idea of a gentleman unsuccessfully endeavouring to assume the guise of a ploughboy, nor the idea of one achieving the impersonation which he essayed. But, admitting this defect, the whole performance is one which nobody should lose the opportunity of studying who is capable of appreciating the charm of a style fast vanishing from among us.

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By JOHN HUNTER, Accountant.

THE MORNING POST, October 19th, 1866.

Messrs. King and Co. have just published a most useful work, entitled "A Practical Compendium of Accounts for the use of Banking, Mercantile, and other Public Companies, and Accountants, Auditors, and Shareholders, by John Hunter, accountant." The author truly states that the system of accounts or book-keeping taught in the class-room is so different to that generally in use in large establishments, that young men or boys, on entering a banking-house or merchant's office, are for some time of scarcely any use, having to learn a system with which they are altogether unacquainted; and that, unless he has special advantages, even the practised clerk is kept so much in one department of an establishment as to know next to nothing of the general affairs of the house or the mode of conducting business in various departments, so that on removing from one house to another he is comparatively useless until he has had time to master the details and formularies of the department or office to which he may be removed. It is to, at least, give such parties the opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of the general forms and systems of accounts required that Mr. Hunter, who appears to have had great experience, has compiled the work now before us, and they cannot do better than study it. The author, moreover, recommends the work to the notice of accountants and auditors, especially if non-professional, as enabling them to obtain a correct knowledge of the affairs of the various companies with which they may become connected. So far as we can see, Mr. Hunter has laid down every rule for keeping and checking accounts that can be required, but we pity the shareholder who endeavours to make himself acquainted with the affairs of any large company by examining all the books required. Auditors, however, most undoubtedly ought to do so, and if they do not they evidently neglect their duty, as we fear is the case in the majority of instances.

THE CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE, October 20th, 1866.

Locking the stable-door when the horse has been stolen is a mode of precaution, the absurdity of which has been long recognised, but seldom avoided. When some unanticipated collapse of supposed security occurs we learn by practical experience the truth of laws which we have treated as mere forms of theoretical prudence. Shareholders in joint-stock enterprise are now beginning to act on those principles of mutual safety which in times of general prosperity they regarded as unnecessary. To understand the accounts of a public company has been considered hitherto a superfluous achievement on the part of a shareholder, and even in some cases—we are bound to confess it—of a director. It is impossible to deny that this laxity of supervision is the bane of joint-stock enterprise. The private trader, having only himself to depend upon, is obliged to watch carefully the economy of his establishment, and every fluctuation of his balance. In large public companies this all-important duty is too often shifted from one to another until the listless shareholders are some morning startled by the announcement that the company is insolvent.

To meet the great requirements of the day, and to offer facilities to the many who are now painfully convinced of their responsibilities, Mr. John Hunter has compiled the admirable work before us. A mere glance at its carefully-arranged sections is sufficient to convince us that he has condensed an extraordinary amount of valuable experience in every page. To young men about to enter the great world of commerce Mr. Hunter's Book will be a veritable Aladdin's lamp, opening up the road to wealth. It is not a complicated volume of difficult problems, as many such books have unfortunately proved to be, but a simple and purely practical guide to all the proper forms and modes of banking and mercantile accounts. Where the existing system of book-keeping is faulty, Mr. Hunter does not hesitate to point the errors out, and to provide a remedy. His advice respecting a clear account of bills receivable, and a "daily list" or diary in which they should be entered and written off when paid, deserves special attention. But, above all, his able recommendation to shareholders and auditors will be read with the deepest interest, and we earnestly hope with the most beneficial results. We heartily congratulate Mr. Hunter on his successful elucidation of so many complicated details of book-keeping, and we unhesitatingly pronounce his book to be the most perfect and useful of its kind existing.

THE DAILY NEWS, October 22nd, 1866.

Under the title of "A Practical Compendium of Accounts," Mr. John Hunter, late chief accountant of one of the Indian banks, has brought out a work (published by John King and Company, Limited, Queen Street, E.C.) which is calculated to be very useful to banking, mercantile, and other public companies, as well as to accountants, auditors, and shareholders generally. Its principal contents have reference to books, accounts, balance-sheets, registers, transfers, and the other multifarious forms of everyday business.

THE GLOBE, 22nd October, 1866.

Among recent publications interesting to City people is "Hunter's Practical Compendium of Accounts" (King, 63 Queen Street), a book designed to offer many valuable suggestions to those who have the care of merchants and companies' account books. It is also well worthy the study of shareholders, who will find it contains practical advice upon balance sheets, and the duties of directors to afford information in explanation of the accounts. Mr. Hunter gives a copy of the balance sheet recommended by the Companies' Act, and thinks that it might be adopted with advantage, in lieu of the present bare and unsatisfactory forms generally in use.

THE LONDON REVIEW, October 20th, 1866.

Mr. John Hunter, late Chief Accountant of one of the Indian Banks, has issued a very useful work, entitled "A Practical Compendium of Accounts" (King & Co., Limited, 63, Queen-street, E.C.). It is, as its name implies, practical, and the various forms which appear throughout the text and explanatory of it are of great value, and shareholders will find in Mr. Hunter's book, information it would be well for them to study.

LEEDS MERCURY, October 25th, 1866.

"A Practical Compendium of Accounts, for the use of Banking, Mercantile, and other Public Companies, and Accountants, Auditors and Shareholders, by John Hunter, accountant," is the title of a very useful book, just published by Messrs. King, of Queen Street. A more strict adherence to the rules here set down, both by directors and shareholders, would have prevented one-half of the irregularities which the recent crisis has brought to light. Mr. Hunter, the author, gives a copy of the balance sheet appended to the Companies' Act, 1862, which will be a useful model. It is deeply to be regretted that this form, recommended by both Houses of Parliament, was not adopted from the first. It is in every respect calculated to afford such information as we think the shareholders are entitled to, while it would not compromise the position of the directors.

RAILWAY NEWS, 27th October, 1866.

Mr. John Hunter, late chief accountant of one of the Indian banks, has brought out a work (published by John King and Company (Limited), Queen-Street, E.C.) very correctly described as a "Practical Compendium of Accounts." The work is calculated to be of service to banking, mercantile, and other public companies, as well as to accountants, auditors, and shareholders generally. Its principal contents have reference to books, accounts, balance-sheets, registers, transfers, and the other multifarious forms of everyday business. They have been arranged with a practised hand, and in an intelligible and practical form.

HERAPATH'S RAILWAY JOURNAL, October 27th, 1866.

Messrs. King, of Queen-street, have just published a very useful work by Mr. John Hunter, entitled, "A Practical Compendium of Accounts, for the use of Banking, Mercantile, and other Public Companies, and Accountants, Auditors, and Shareholders." It gives the forms of all books and documents required by public companies, with suitable explanations, together with some sound advice for the guidance of clerks and shareholders. The author gives a copy of the balance-sheet appended to the Companies' Act, 1862. It is deeply to be regretted that this form, recommended by both Houses of Parliament, was not adopted from the first. It is in every respect calculated to afford that full and precise information which shareholders are undoubtedly entitled to, and which ought not to compromise the position of the directors.

CITY PRESS, 27th October, 1866.

A Practical Compendium of Accounts. By John Hunter. (J. King and Co., Queen-street, Cheapside.)—This manual is designed for the use of "banking, mercantile, and other public companies, and accountants, auditors, and shareholders," a rather numerous *clientèle*, it must be admitted, but to all of whom, Mr. Hunter would appear to be capable of speaking with authority, considering his practical connexion with important commercial concerns. The work is of too technical a character for us to pronounce a decided opinion upon its merits, but so far as we are able to judge, it will be of much assistance to young men in their endeavours to acquire practical knowledge of the manner in which business is conducted in the several departments of our great monetary and commercial establishments. In one section of the work, No. 7, relating to general balance-sheets of companies, the information and hints will be found specially important to shareholders.

THE MONEY MARKET REVIEW, November 10th, 1866.

Banking and Commercial Book-keeping. (Published by John King and Co. (Limited), 63, Queen Street, E.C.)—Amongst recent contributions to commercial literature, we notice with satisfaction a work on this subject by Mr. John Hunter, late chief accountant to one of our large Anglo-Indian banking institutions. The book is one that has been long wanted, and from a careful inspection of its contents, the reader will find that it is not only what it professes to be, viz., "A Practical Compendium of Accounts, for the use of Banking, Mercantile and other Public Companies, and Accountants, Auditors, and Shareholders," but much more. The detailed forms of the various books required either in a large and extensive bank having ramifications throughout India, China, and Australia, and elsewhere, or in a mercantile establishment, are given in a concise and clear manner down to the smallest minutiae. We have no doubt this compilation will prove most useful to directors, officers, and auditors, but, more particularly shareholders will find in it important information on the subject of a proper system of keeping accounts.

INVESTORS' GUARDIAN, November 17, 1866.

In Hunter's "Practical Compendium of Accounts" (published by John King and Co.), will be found an amount of practical knowledge, the want of which has no doubt been severely felt by many of the shareholding public during the last twelve months. An attentive perusal of its contents will enable any business man to grapple with the multitudinous array of figures found in every statement of accounts submitted to a shareholders' meeting, and the result, we think, would be a reversal of the saying, now alas! too common, "Nothing so fallacious as facts—save figures."

Managers and secretaries of public companies will do well to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the principles so lucidly set out by Mr. Hunter, and to non-professional auditors the book will be a most valuable repertoire, as all the details are systematically arranged in an intelligible and practical form.

We take the liberty of suggesting to the Civil Service Commissioners that they might really "do" the State "some service" if a thorough knowledge of the principles of book-keeping on Mr. Hunter's principles was made one of the subjects for examination. As regards ourselves, we should certainly give the preference to a rejected candidate, possessing such knowledge, to one accepted, crammed for the nonce with historical dates or passages from English poets.

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